

IMPROMPTU
PROFUNDITY
PATHWAYS
OF SPIRIT

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STARTING OUT WITH SOME IDEAS,
in a jazzy improvisational style, I'll get

down on paper the first thoughts which arise to the surface of my consciousness. The more I think about how life is, I think we only pretend that we have gained a measure of control over our subconscious minds, and phenomena. *Closer to the truth is that the subconscious mind is an enigma, wrapped inside a paradox... and might be anything but 'easy to deal with.'* If the best we can ever do, might be a carefully modulated, and controlled miracle working... ***then we'd better familiarize ourselves with every aspect of our show, to make this***

happen. I'm given these doubts, about whether our youth are prepared... *(Good living experiences, will be enough... as will be knowing how to rise to collegiate challenges, as well.)* Living has taught me to accentuate the positive. Time has been very good to me, in my recent memory, *as I was a late bloomer.* But I mean, if you're not bothered by my having had two serious self injury attempts, and seven years of the pain of Hades, then you'll see the worth of my outcome. *If you can overlook these two details, we can really count*

our blessings. But, any work like this might be good work, if you can find it. With some sense of purpose, such as is found in the careful discerning of what is in the heart, mind, soul, and spirit, as this is, ***you can manage to rise above the toil of doubts and fears.***

Your yoga stretch visualization will tend to bridge the pain in your life, as a span crosses a deep river. Managing your pain does get easier after age fifty, or so. You'll be so confirmed in how stream of consciousness art music and poetry is the means to understanding the human heart, soul,

and spirit, *that you'll just start a flowing onto the recording media, and just see if anything materializes.* If the deeper self is going to express itself, it might can be recorded on tape, or captured into a flow of language, into a word processor memory. *But, you'll miss it entirely unless you have the recorder running, and remember to click save.* Well, these words seem to sometimes strain to articulate the intangible... but if you can follow along, you might be led to a helpful understanding along the way. *As a young man, in the nineteen eighties, I*

was somewhat cursed with being unable to see the pain of others. Now, my dreams are somewhat realized. But, there might be those standing about, who will be callous or indifferent, as clinicians in a dissection class... after all, isn't this partly the objective... to better see into the heart of the matter? I just wish for the release of the perfect melodic musical figure, or, a phrase so graceful, and flowing *that it transports the listener's spirit to a higher plane.* To my reader or listener, there might appear to be a hidden order, among my strains of

chaos... *ambiguities, and groped after meanings.* But, this writing is meant to start into a new book project, for the twenty twenty five to twenty twenty six period. I did a quick inventory this afternoon, and discovered that, since twenty fifteen, I've written seventy chapters of original literature, *which I've set to seventy original piano and keyboard music soundscapes.* That's a lot of work. I sure can't take for granted, or squander this time, with half hearted, or mediocre work in the present, but should keep up this strong work

carefully. I think, that what I would say about my subconscious mind phenomena, might be about how such at one time might be terribly raunchy, *and the next time, simply be mild and pleasant...* and these might just go without any explanation, as to whys, or hows, for either one. *Quantum phenomena might be random, indecipherable.* But, both easy and difficult will have to be bridged mindfully, to get through the arduous day. *You'll want to listen to your still, small voice.* ***Some kind of yoga stretch visualization is a must.*** I'm

glad, in starting new writing, such as this is, that I'm conscious of the imperative, to solve structural issues, and clear up ambiguities, right from the start. *(If I don't wish to be troubled by phenomena that has no rhyme, nor reason, that is.)* There will be some ways to affirm the positive outcomes, the meeting of the challenges. But, I had to learn, over time, the ways to 'walk by faith,' and to meet the objectives. 'When the tender sprout is stringently challenged,' as in when we already know some things... *(how it might take*

a lifetime to learn to walk by faith, and to see past the subconscious phenomena, into the having of belief in one's whole self... heart, mind, soul, and spirit...) then 'Can I do what is required of me?' Some objectives simply must be accomplished. Some obstacles, likewise, must be overcome, as well. My life has proven, if anything, that 'sobriety is attainable,' even by a supposed underdog... even by a black sheep... *even by a dark horse.* If I'm an example of a sober, yet artistically accomplished, and prolific path, *then this sobriety, might*

just be my strongest claim... not to mention the wide variety of strong ideas, which have flown through my typists and pianist's hands, and artist's eye... soberly... with only a little caffeine. But it's not as if you have to for go fun, because, the older and more experienced you get, the more you'll appreciate the values and importance, to so many, of a cup of coffee, and a notebook and pen. Or a sketchbook. Still it's like I was saying....

'When we think that we've got the subconscious phenomena figured out, that's a

pretty good sign that we do not.'

The subconscious phenomena at the minds eye, can be likened to a group of skittish forest animals, some of which riot, and bite when cornered. We have to rely on an overwhelmingly competitive attitude of winning, and to have an unbeatable rhythm, a track record of excellence... ***this is how the professional world operates...*** *there's no other way to be.* So, do you think that you could start out into the independent world, doing what it takes to live, and thriving? People who've been in the mental health care system,

for very long, many of them, Mental Health consumers, *will be somewhat used to having certain responsibilities taken care of by professional managers, and administrative home staff.* Transportation, home and vehicle insurance, medical appointments, utility bills, lawn work crews, maintenance workers... *all this will have been in others' hands for a long time, for some of us.* It would be hard, if not impossible, to learn to live independently again. So, most of us never do. *But, this is the world, which today's graduates must move out into,*

and win in. Life in the modern world is unlike it was thirty years ago... that's for sure. *You'll learn skills I never knew, if you're going into the world.* At any rate. *To sum it up, the mental health care system is a safety net.* Some people we see in the news *should have gotten help five or ten years ago.* Some people will not need help until they're very old. The truth is that *most everyone will need short term help of some kind, at some point in their life times.* No one's perfect, though we follow a perfect example. You see? Well, this is the first article

in a new set of writings... a new book.
Starting a new enterprise, we usually face resistance, as there has been much talk of the 'limits of growth.' Our planet is overcrowded, and we'll one day run out of certain resources. So new development can be hard. Well, these ideas are starting to come to their conclusion now. I'll wrap this writing up and add it in with the others. All for now, Greg.

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As I sit, this afternoon, the time is around four P M, and I'm starting to somewhat look forward to our evening meal. While I wait, I'm going to get down any thoughts which arise, into this word processor, so as to move this project somewhat further along. When *(in thought)* there are numerous aggressive agents repeatedly crossing the single cell wall membrane, *such that there's a somewhat prevalence of these overt chemical phenomena, for a spell,* I then can tell that this sort of 'overbearance' comes mainly when an adrenaline chemical jolt... (felt and

sensed by a mortal perspective... say a hiker, or camper on a mountain trail,) polarizes, and piques the human consciousness... *as in a call to action... such that the organism successfully avoids an environmental threat, or toxin, like a deadly spider, or a poisonous snake, in the path.* I think that such a response as this is normal, when one is faced with a threat of any kind, such as this might would be. *I can see, that my whole being will definitely be in the clear, when I've quickly dodged this environmental threat.* My organism

might will have already successfully avoided the threat, *when my writing is the way it is now.* Such will quite possibly have been a threat that I might not have physically seen with my mortal eyesight, ***but the very very sharp adrenal chemical agents, repeatedly crossing my cell wall membrane over the entire duration, reveal the threats' (hypothetical apparent) presence to me nevertheless.*** You could suggest, that quite likely, in the practical sense, what the *organisim(s)* might will have been sensing, at such

a time, (*being, say, indoors in his bed,*) will have been more of an somewhat less imminent danger, such as a less 'possible' or likely cyclone threat, or other natural phenomena threat, such as seismic or volcanic worry, in the general future time frame, *such as the season,* or which might continue through the summer. But, to be sure, the immediate threat might will have already passed, or been avoided, already. ***But, why then, did the harsh adrenal chemical cross the cell wall boundary in the first place? Why***

would the hostile chemical agents have crossed my boundary all day, in the first place for? **Was it a mindless abuse... or a call to action?** Here's a metaphor, which I like to use at this point in this line of inquiry: *I would suggest that there 'Wouldn't have been, or might wouldn't have ever been any good qualities whatsoever associated in any way shape form or fashion with human enslavement. It was only the 'Devils' work.'* It would appear to me, that an evil 'Devil' in such case as that **will have exploited the existing power**

structure, and made it appear to be convenient, or practical to enslave those people, back then.

Back to my own example, my own mind is a 'no boundaries,' situation.

My brain, really, has to accept any interference, even interference which causes incorrect operation. And the

hostile chemical agents repeatedly crossed my figurative cell wall membrane, just today... (I figure for

eight hours, maybe more, today,) **and**

my sylvan inner heart, and mind cognitive space were violated, by

these, what I would call overt,

coarse agents. This, then was, or might have been a time to 'tough it...' in other words **it might have been a 'super classic' artwork.** I also, might would suggest that one of the only times a chemical agent repeatedly crosses an organisms micro cell wall membranes, *would be... (wouldn't it...) when such is either an adrenaline, meant to bring about action, or reaction, or as in 'dues paying.'* The '*classic art work*' acquisition might will have been some '*dues to pay.*' Well, at any rate, our time is nearly seven P M. I've had a

plate of terriyaki chicken, and returned to my writing couch. Our day has gotten along, and I've managed to get along, with everyone, and am thinking about this hawk bird, which stared at me through our kitchen doors this morning... ***trying to make up his mind about me, I guess, and just what the bird feeder on the porch is about.*** I was amazed that this slightly small hawk took such an interest in me, at my kitchen table. **I try to give back to those littler than me if I have some extra on hand.** This is what the bird feeder

is... so I think he might could understand me, sitting there. **We try to give back what we can.** (For myself, this is mainly so I won't feel begrudged, or resented by the bird folk. **Spread the wealth.**) At any rate, these things are floating through my mind, while I'm sitting here getting these thoughts down, and I'm enjoying some privacy, and listening to my jukebox music on my smart device. Our sunlight is fading to our west, (*our planet is spinning counterclockwise from the north perspective, clockwise from the south pole perspective*) and

I'm looking greatly forward to at last getting my evening medicines, and getting this writing included with the others, and getting to sleep. ***I didn't sleep much last night, and am beginning to get a wet dishrag feeling about me.*** So, what I'm really looking forward to will be a bedtime snack, before turning in, and getting some rest. Well, I'm going to add these present thoughts in with the others, and see how they read, and get this meeting taken care of. Later, and I can somewhat just see the way to some concluding thoughts, for this

second article, in this 'IMPROMPTU
PROFUNDITY,' audiobook. ***I generally
think, that stream of
consciousness art, music, and
poetry is the best means to
understanding what is inside the
human spirit, soul, and mind.***

When one knows, that some days will
be better than other days, you can
definitely approach your empty
notebook page ***with an wondering
heart,*** and just peer, and see the first
ideas which arise to the surface, on
any given day. So, your best bet will
almost always be to just see what

ideas will arise... with your notebook and pen, or word processor. But, at any rate, at a time in a writers life, well, at any time in a writer's career, **the early, beginning expressions will be met by sizable invisible resistance.** I think, that this sometimes shrill resistance, **is somewhat the result of my being kind of 'close in,' to the central star...** this has always afforded me an almost primal approval quotient, from the most crudest of musical, and artistic and literary means, and construments. **This would be great,**

except for the sometimes stout invisible resistance which such primitive goodness sometimes inspires. Here's a question... if you knew that you were writing your own life's future, tit for tat, would you continue writing? Or would you be a little bit more choosy, and think of how, at the end of the day, **having something to show, for the time passed, to myself, is of better Quality, in a general sense, than having nothing to show for the time spent.** Well, this has been some stream of consciousness writing,

for sure. I'm resting in the blessings, of this benevolent spirit... **a trusted mediumistic familiar.** And that's not all, by any means. I'm also resting in a clean bed, in an apartment connected to a good providance, **where meals, medicines, hygiene, and housework can be done with regularity.** It's not too hard to keep a clean house, when the utilities are paid, and so forth and so on, so that the residents can just, kind of live, and not be too burdened. *We put a lot of trust, as well, in our sovereign land, and our good local county state, and*

federal governments. A nation without secure borders can't afford sense of security to it's citizens. ***But, I've never had to worry at all about my nation's secure borders, or military readiness.*** And our military technology is generally ahead of the rest of the world. Ah yes, I'll just finish this article up, and add it in with the other, to conclude the second essay. All for now, Greg.

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Today is the first Wednesday in June, this year. I sit and attune inwardly, and get the first thoughts that arise down into this word processor memory. This morning is sunny and warm, and I somewhat get some thoughts started, *so that I will have a project started, for this day.* I've seen so many mental states, and frames of mind, in my lifetime. This present piqued, alert psychic awareness, is, I think, a type of overt mental state, which I group in with mental illness states. *However, I could be wrong. (We could very possibly be dealing with an*

earthquake presentience, and not realize it. I have heard a good bit of talk online, about the Yellowstone caldera, and a north east Pacific volcanic eruption which is expected to happen soon. It looks to me, like this north east Pacific volcano which the scientists have been telling us about for for more than a month, on the seafloor, is a bit of a trouble, and we could feel repurcussions of it, even here across the continent.) Such is, apparently, psychic presentience, like some of which I lived through in the nineteen nineties... only now, I am

living right, and have developed from my crude mental phenomena into an diverse, many faceted portfolio of creative expression. When states like this would overtake me, as a twenty five year old, I would spiral into a whirlpool of self destructive behaviors, and responses, and buy or steal, or borrow any substance whatsoever that I could to self medicate such condition... never realizing the difficult trauma which lay ahead, the events of the millennium, and my second serious suicide attempt. At any rate, I've been clean and sober for twenty

two years, now, so I am living right today. But, if this phenomena is pertaining to a near future natural disaster, *such might be on par with 'trauma,' and 'devastation,' much as the millenial times were.* I have grown to love this composition process. Anytime there's any problem with paranoid or self critical delusional thinking, ***I get my smart device and word processor keyboard out, and try and make sense of the time on an external medium.*** This is what I am doing right now. And I stay sober, and clean, unlike those years which

were earlier, when I got isolated, and tried, at the end of my rope, to hurt myself seriously. So, the mental condition, this morning, is multifaceted. *I don't even know, if such pertains to one thing, inwardly, or another, exoterically... but mental illness does take many guises.* I don't think, that there's anything very wrong with me, or my strategies, these days... I do get hurt, sometimes, like recently. *Additionally, my home group, I think, reveres me, and sees me as a perfect person, like some of them are.* ***But, I'm not Superman. I***

have bad days, when I'm under more stress than usual, and I'll sometimes raise my voice at someone. But, that doesn't mean it's

the end of the world. *I think, that this state, yesterday and today, is psychic presentience of a robust, and sudden kind.*

There must have been something that the scientists didn't know about, until yesterday... *this would explain how this experience yesterday got such a piece of my attention.* At any rate. Starting any new writing program, such as a book, or musical album, you will usually

encounter resistance. When, I can't see the future... except by looking to the lessons of history, and making the best estimates I know how... then, *'Your guess is as good as mine is,'* *'Time tells no secrets,'* sometimes, *this is true.* It's just that, in my work, *dues paying, and hard work, sometimes comes up without asking permission first... **this sometimes looks a lot like mental illness.*** I know, that I sometimes have mood swings... it's just that digital publishing isn't easy work, and so many people resource my online music, art, and text files each

day... some times are easier on me, than other times are. If there is seismic instability, or volcanism in the picture, wouldn't I want to get such behind me, and not be worrying from minute to minute? At any rate, from what I've seen, we've been warned just recently about some pretty bad natural disasters that could happen. I guess, my thinking in such times as this is, gets kind of precarious. 'Is a thing one way? Or another?' Or one of thousands of things each day which affect me, that I don't hear of, or know of? So, this somewhat explains the

latest troubles I've worried about, and then some. *I don't think that I'm the only one who is dealing with these times like these are, in the best way they know how.* We like to think, that we're just going to react in exactly the right way, in the event of emergency, *but the reality is, some people react in unexpected ways, when something goes wrong.* I'll give you some examples. *Some people put their most combustible fuel on any fire. They like fires.* Others make an obvious mistake, a choice, because the choice was there, to make. *They*

emulate something they saw on television. At any rate, one has to know the difference between enough and too much. Storytelling is one thing, but some tales are way too personal. Or there's just no real good answer to a thing... it was a stale mate, or a paradox type of event. Or it just wasn't a very pretty story.

Well, at any rate, when scary migraines seem to be hounding me here recently, I think that my cyclone prediction, probability is changing. *I mean, these strange dreams are too much. Such probably stands for bad*

weather. When my thoughts get somewhat bleak, I try and think of better things. Such as my new music acquisitions, and the way much of what we find online is or will be a shared experience... a shared journey. *One is never alone in dealing with mental phenomena.* No man is an island. There's an excellent meditation for the glottis... the language and speech organs... we can see 'on ramps,' and 'exit ramps,' in the way our speech behaves. Some people's talk is so bewildering and dark, I would emphasize this 'On ramp,'

concept to help you see how, our speech usage alternately revs up, and gears down. I think that we should try to articulate the pictures and images we see in our minds. If this causes the pond to rock, then it rocks. If one lilypad is rocking and rolling, if it's making splashes and waves often, making ripples in the water, then this will cause the other lily pads in the pond to rock, and sway, as well. I might be quiet, and reserved. But, I sometimes wonder at the way that these ocular migraines cause more rocking and swaying, make more

*ripples in the water, than a clear mind does. These are just some thoughts. Do you think that just brainstorming over some writing makes splashes and waves? Probably... you don't have to make a lot of sound to somewhat stir things up. I'm somewhat coming through the brambles of this article, now... **Our pond should clairify, and the muddy waters return to translucence.** This would be an enormous relief, for myself, this afternoon. My music sounds just great, in my ear phones, now, so I would make a guess, that our week's*

*strife is on the downhill slope. **The problem's already been averted.***

At any rate, I can tell that these thoughts are coming to their eventual conclusion, now, so I'll wrap this article up, and add it with the others. I hope you have a good downhill into another good weekend. I'll send these thoughts along your way now. All for now, Greg.

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I have a few minutes, before lunch, so I'll see just what's on my mind this

morning. There will usually be a few thoughts, if I haven't written in a day or so, which will arise right to the surface. *I love when words come willingly, onto my media.* You see, the secret to writing, I think, is in having a trusted mediumistic familiar. A good introduction to what God can do in a writers life, might be expressed in this little saying: **'No situation is immutable, and there are an infinite number of paths one may take from any given point.'** From my earliest coherent introductions to writing, I've been told this. I'm so

glad, that when I was given this advice, *a conscious part of me rightly knew that such thinking could turn my poor life around.* But, I didn't know quite how prolific I would become... *the sheer variety, and number of music and video projects I would create.* So, I can tell you this, how this little saying was given to impress upon myself *the power of Spirit to, over time, build a worldly wonder.* But, the problem was, that when a young man has an intellect that is 'close to the source,' he might have to turn around, *or be turned around,* until he's at the

proper spiritual orientation. When I was just out of high school, I was in a predicament. My family history of alcoholism, and the stage I was at in my life journey, somewhat predisposed myself to learning about drinking, and the other drugs. So, by the time that my spiritual walk was developed enough for a mature artistic path to flow through me, I was at the threshold of my thirties, and a turn around in my life was needed. A *serious suicide attempt put me in the state hospital.* **But God's curse had been reversed!** So, I realized that my

drinking and pill using had been done only to remedy the adolescent loss of innocence and agitated condition this brought on, *and I didn't need either one, now.* So, now, this saying, '**No situation is immutable,**' and '**There are an infinite number of paths to take from any given point,**' came back into my memory, and I began in earnest to build a writing and music and art career. I then only had to somewhat have an unplanned for hard fall, having relapsed, after the millennium, in two thousand and three, before I was ready to get into a group

home. The writing that I've been able to get down since two thousand and four, has all been done soberly. Well, today is the first Thursday in June this year, and I sit somewhat brainstorming over this new writing, and a new set of the 'Greg at the Piano' M P 3 soundscapes. Our weather includes a mixture of sunshine and clouds. The temperature right now, at two in the afternoon, is eighty two degrees faren height. Hopefully, later today, I'll get to go to our store and get some weekly groceries. I'll be writing into this article some through the next hour, at

least. I'm pretty critical of myself, these days... part of myself seems to disbelieve the providence of this writing being given me, *and instead acts like he thinks I'm not worth the effort.* So, but I'm harder on myself, than my guides are. I'm trusting that family ties will keep us together. *I am, in truth, fairly proud, of myself, of both my good inspiration, for going the distance with me so well, and of my mortal side, which has seen both sides of the coin, **and who never dreamed I'd be able to do the work I do.*** So, my dreams have come

true, to say the least. So, having just gotten back to the apartment, from our store trip, I can begin to relax. It's after eight P M, so I've got to get over to the office for my evening medicines. *I'm glad to have gotten my afternoon work squared away, and the online part is done for the day, as well.* When the others are all back from the store, I'll be resting completely. Well, we're all in, now, so I can finally focus on writing this article. I was thinking, just now, **'What makes for an interesting character study?'** I think, that having a dream like

childhood, then a very rude awakening, with adolescent loss of innocence, and wandering in alcoholic day dreams, for five years, then encountering a life of pain, for seven years, until finally committing attempted suicide... *(Don't ever do that. You'll then be messed up, and it will be harder walking when you're the perfect picture of 'self defeat.')* Add to this a 'second life,' stirred into motion, by solitary writing, and piano playing for five years, then taking another hard fall, with another more serious suicide attempt... *and finally, in the*

state hospital, again, realizing that I was destined for group home living... and lastly being placed into this very path, for the remaining years, to this day... I think, that this type of background makes for a dark and brooding character. When he plays jazzy piano, and creates visual art, and video productions, as well... well, this is a (possibly) redeemed and happy character. The point I'm making, is that you can see a lot through my looking glass... and I enjoy giving back of my literary and artistic inventions into the amateur and not for profit

internet music and arts culture. I manage over three hundred unique download web pages, and this audiobook, when it's completed, will be yet another. But there's something about my life... due to the scars I try to hide, and my uneducated plight, (I'm a complex guy, and somewhat non competitive,) **I'll always be living and working on 'the people's money.'** That means I've got to have ideal values, and I cannot afford any lapse in my more alls, **whatsoever.** Such as that could get me into trouble, and I don't want that.

So, I'm talking this way, because I know I'll be reading this, from time to time, **and I need to be impressed of just this very thing.** Well, I'll say this, as well. This chapter started out with an essay, in which I pondered if the young graduates would be prepared for the curves ordinary life sometimes throws... I postulated that it would be a young person who has to pay his dues... ***but the writing came around quickly on me, and I suddenly found that the only one who was paying dues was myself.*** So never presume to know anything

about the Good Lord's and the Guardian Angel's business... such a mistake will get you into trouble. Well, our time is almost at ten P M, and I'll wrap these thoughts up, and add in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

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Today is the first Saturday evening in June, this year, and I've just had some dinner, and returned to my apartment, and quickly gotten this writing started. My yoga stretch visualization appears

to be perfect for this sort of migraine, *so this comes as some comfort, to myself, as sometimes, I'm impressed with the lonsomeness, at mental heights such as these.* We had rain earlier, and the wends were blustery as a squall line passed through. Skies have cleared, now, though, and the sunn is beginning to sink in the west. I'm looking forward to the night, *and having this writing started, gives me such a focus of concentration.* I sit here, for a while, mulling over the way in which to take this writing. This present writing, will be the fifth article

in my new '**Impromptu Profundity,**' audio book. I'm very glad to have a willing spirit, and am thinking to myself, how this time for me is some of the best I've had in a while. *It's definitely good to be at a long term place, and the great work that has come, in the recent months, the two or three recent audio books, this year, are some of my best.* I sit here, before going over to the office for medicines at eight thirty. The gentle sounds of a music feature podcast are calming and soothing my mind, *and I'm enjoying the time, this dusk as twilight is*

fading. Yesterday's work day, I put together a nice online show, my **Greg at the Piano** audio only files, one hundred and twelve mic'd recordings of my Yamaha piano recorded with my handheld device... I think that this is one of my favorite things right now. At any rate, I'm back home, after getting my day's last meeting accomplished. I can easily imagine how older people get along... at the end of the day, migraine headaches are a strong contender for my sanity, and some times... *some days, life's like a tight rope walk...* my handheld information

browsing and storing devices aren't meant to get me into trouble... but in internet browsing, and scrolling... *scrolling especially is a type of reading experience, which is like trying to walk in a wind tunnel...* that's about all I can say about it. When I've got a mind, that is susceptible and likely to get ensnared by illusory phenomena... I have to stay away from certain digests, online. Some are just fine for me, because their emphasis is on reading, not on amazing everyone with your own home published sensory bazaar. (My eyes

give way too quick to that sort of thing.) But, science digests, that publish news of papers, and scientific findings told of in science publications, these are more in my ball park... ***I can sit for hours lost in science, and news of science.*** But, lifestyle, and celebrity digests get my mind off of the rails, if anything will. The reason I'm writing this way, is because I will be reading back at this, *and I want to impress upon myself the importance of the learning of this lesson, for some people...* see? Because I'll always need to pay

attention to what I look at online.

What you put in your mind can have real effects on your tendency to relapse into symptoms. At any

rate, I'm rediscovering an album I made back in April of last year... it's something like a notch or two above the usual intensity level, for me.

Every note played has a purpose.

Well, the ideas in my head seem to be spinning round, now. I'll put this

composition away, for a short while,

and think of a way through this

confusing maze. *At any rate, I got to*

sleep at a good time last night, and

got a good nights rest. Now it's
Sunday morning, the second one in
June, this year... six thirty A M, *and I*
stroll in thought to the dewy garden,
and get into tune with these thoughts.
At such a time as this, writing comes
easier, when I'm clean and fresh from
my morning shower... so, I don't have
to try too hard. We've got a rainy
morning, but, I think that the clouds
are mainly moving on past to the east.
When I try and think about how some
of the worlds greatest art and music is
created, *I return to the metaphor of a*
man and woman making friction,

jamming in such a way as to produce a child. This is a pretty good metaphor...
and the usual African American euphemism for this is, and has been coined as the term, 'rock and roll.' You see, though, that the door really opens up to the great '**manifest destiny,**' when the couple interacts **across the time and space veil...** this kind of grooving is the 'ticket to the cosmos,' **which has been at the heart of some of the worlds greatest literary, and artistic classics.** The mortal perspective needs the higher ascended

perspective, *like the flowers need the rain, to quote the song.* So, this which is done here is no mere stream of consciousness blind wandering, or groping... ***but an getting into step with the highest, greatest will for ourselves.*** At any rate, I find myself thinking again, about how the linguistic faculty itself, is like a gently sloping on ramp, or off ramp... when the mind grasps this way of seeing the glottis, and speech ability, I think you're accessing one of the three or four main mechanisms for reckoning with, and taking back, so to speak, the

gray areas of the subtle musculature, and etheric vehicle... which sometimes appear to materialize, or de-materialize, depending on how the spiritual physiology... the astral musculature... the holographic mind brain picture, of one's own soul, and spirit, is constantly morphing, and changing, and being warped by the effects of **atmosphere, gravity, biosphere, and beingness.** It seems like, that when we are in the adult frame of consciousness, we enter into an relationship with our higher spiritual presences, *which tends to see*

the self, as a totality of morphing, pliable, plastic self awarenenses, and self consciousnesses. When I sit, these days, and focus on writing, or music, it's as if my mind turns to silly putty, or play dough, and living itself becomes a dance, a working of a sort, with ones own self's visualization palate. It's not enough to just sit and write, there will be ongoingings of a ghostly, and etheric sort happening at the existential level... a kind of kneeding, and working of this 'visualization pallatte,' **in a manner, which can be spoken of.** *To be*

more precise, the process I am speaking of transpiring at the soul level, with ourselves, constantly, is known as **R N A editing**. The messenger R N A is put into the proper order, at the level of the eyes retina... this, it is thought, is the lens where this editing takes place... and ones conscious choice making and intentionality, in all of his or her inner ongoings, takes place at this retinal visualization pallatte. This, I think, is where God works with ourselves on a conscious level, to make the right choices... to chart the path, the

sometimes perilous path, through the tangled jungle vegetation. Depending on how our 'light shines forth,' we are able to introduce order into the chaotic world around us... and, correspondingly, the mental, intellectual conversation is lead through 'paths of righetousness.' All of the other ways, **the arts and sciences, and humanities somewhat begin and end, at this existential ground, this visualization pallatte.** Well, anyways, I'm thinking that this article is coming to it's eventual conclusion,

now, and so I begin to wrap these thoughts up, and add them in with the others. I'll take a break for a while, and see what I have written so far. Well, this reads pretty well, so I guess I'll produce this new chapter, and send it along your way now. All for now, Greg.

~

I WAS JUST THINKING, HOW, YOU'LL notice amazing poetry in the commonplace world, if you'll pay some attention... to what you're listening to

on the radio, for instance. If you'll use digital sampling technology, you'll be able to examine your 'samples,' more closely. Nature photography, and recording is a great, nearly unlimited resource... that is to say, if your apartment rental has some wild nature around it, or on the property. Otherwise, it's hard to find nature you can sample, without conflicts of interest. *But, many people photograph nature in public parks, any public land. (Such as boat landings, on rivers and lakes, and libraries.)* At any rate, sampling technology can

give you a lot of media you can work with. But **'you've got to keep your head up, if you want to let your hair down.'** to paraphrase the song. For instance, when I start a written article, I might get a quick reintroduction to the ways of any 'timing,' issues. I picked up with this writing, just as a storm to the south west of here was starting to move over us. *So, I experienced the weather from a unique perspective.* Maybe, this is partly what comes right along with higher ascend beings, and this kind of conversation... you'll begin to

think about the meanings and significance of so much in our lives... things that had always escaped you... *this added layer of meanings, must be taken into consideration, from then on, in all that one does, and sees.* I can find a new attitude of gratitude, as well, as in how it's good to be in a rainproof apartment, with no leaks. There might be some freedom, as well, from flooding worries. So, every little association in your living will have to be taken into consideration. ***What fun, these blessings of Spirit!*** In the nature, for instance, you've got to

take into consideration the risk of being someones dinner, at every step. But, fun, I think, is still fun, by anyone's measure. But, imagine! At any rate, I do like how this writing is starting out, but I've got to get over to our office, to get my medicines. So, and then, a quick dash through the rain, to get my morning set right. If you think about it, some people in the world may be somewhat isolated in their lives... *'Who did you check in with today?'* For some people, who do not get out much, no one. So, it might only be, *'Your word against theirs,'* if

there's been any local trouble... heaven forbid, that... but if there had been, if you had 'checked in,' at the doctor, or the clinic, or pharmacy, or even at your favorite corner store, at your regular time, *then you would at least have that vouchsafe, to speak on your behalf.* This is just thinking. It's just that many people somewhat have question marks hanging over themselves... they're an unknown quanta. *The more you'll associate, with others, in your life, the more vouchsafe you'll always have.* See? You just don't compete well, and so

you avoid the rat race, and maybe you would rather just be a constant online presence, and just let others measure themselves against the standard you set. Anyways, our initial dark and gloomy storm front has passed on through by now... *but we have to take into consideration, the mixture could precipitate, and could even form a cyclone, or severe hail, if certain conditions were met.* Imagine if your car's windshield in your driveway was shattered by a baseball sized hail stone. *That's what the meteorologists are talking about.* At any rate, I'm

enjoying some newly acquired music. The time for me is good for that reason, but, I couldn't imagine hearing hail of that size on our roof. Barometric pressure has everything to do with how and when any precipitation forms... as well as the temperature gradients between lower altitudes, and higher altitudes... and I've already seen how the varying altitudes' air masses sometimes move in contrary directions. *So you see, meterology is quite a science, one which I've always wanted to learn to understand.* My latest audio book

chapter, chapter 1, of the 'IMPROMPTU PROFUNDITY' audiobook, is thirty seven minutes in length. So, this writing will begin the second chapter of this. I've just grown away from hour plus talking book chapters, *because, that's too much for most people's span of attention.* Our useful attention span, might be only ten or twenty minutes in length at best, so I'm trying to keep things shorter. Just some thoughts. I'm finding in my living, that the aires and zephyrs around my ears, and eyes... the layer of airs around my face, and head, is almost completely

yeilding to the bitter, acrid, wrenching cross winds of these times we're sometimes living in. My defenses, if weather is ever changing rapidly, for instance, *(or talk there of,)* are quickly breached. *Someone like myself will have things 'on his mind,' as the linguistic fabric sounds so torn, and traumatized. If you've been hurt, three or more times in the same way, you begin to expect and look for the same hurt repeating.* So, this is part of our predicament, as content developers. *Despite what we've seen and heard on our media appliances,*

we tend to continue walking in the best way we know how, despite most any risk. Everyone in the whole land, I think is adamant, about this one thing... you must go by the laws of the land, and you must never threaten, or harm anyone, or yourself. So, our society has to continually set forth deterrents, and the facts of the deterrents, are designed to prevent any criminal actions from affecting anyone. The main reason I'm writing these thoughts down, is I would say, mainly because I'm trying to develop content... and so, I enjoy the

production process enormously. Can one keep his or her readers or listeners? *Or will they walk away, because your material is 'watered down?'* I would say, *'Look at the latest chapter... to me it's quite interesting, and is full of useful observations, and lessons.'* **Even if you know my methodology, I think, you'll still like to hear what is there in the latest file.** So, anyway, an example I've used, to somewhat get myself past the boredom patrol, is how people enjoy the *'generative Artificial Intelligence'* type software, and seem

to enjoy reading or publishing such produce... if they think that it's truly new, or novel. *It's very similar with my writing... it's appeal is generally in it's newness... even if it's 'much speaking about nothing.'* **As long as it was written by a real mind, accessing real cognitive strata, by way of a spirit guidance, on the inside of their mind, then someone will want to read such.** How much more so interesting, then, is my work, than a computer's output? I think a good amount. It's like the miracle of having a child. *Anyone, even a*

dullard, can tap into the human latency of procreation. Such is a power that we all carry within, unless we are barren, or sterile. **But, if you make a baby, then God does the most important work, most definitely.** With a woman and a man, God, and our human genetics can gestate an embryo, in much the same manner as this essay is coming into existence. **It's like driving a big tractor, with power steering. All it takes is a fingers effort... you can move a mountain.** At any rate, these are just some thoughts. I'm honored

and pleased to allow them to go onto my pages, *and I'm thanking the benevolent spirits, which bring them forth.* I had a quick snack, and a thermos of tea brew, and tried to understand some of the funny things people will say. Why would something so silly and dumb make me upset? *I guess that I don't want surprises from a small thing like a snack time.* But people will say the unexpected thing. *Sometimes, I'll be sensitive to, or puzzled by this.* ***When I have only had an imagistic conflict, or disagreement... but someone***

couldn't stand the thought, of my artwork, or of what had happened, on the other side of the planet. So the problem is with me, and my overly sensitive, brittle emotions. How could I have allowed myself to get upset? But life carries on. I think that another lesson, might be, 'Death is no respecter of persons.' We here could all blow away in a twister, tonight. So any new development might and can face such resistance. Any way, I'll wrap this writing up and send along your way now. All for now, Greg.

~

Starting in with some new writing, this morning, I'm glad and relieved to have gotten up at an early hour, and been able to work on this writing. This will be the second article, in the second part of this new 'IMPROMPTU PROFUNDITY,' audiobook. I start in with some jazz thinking, and make my way down the page. I've thought many times before about *how utterly pointless are the games of a sensually base life, and how we should just*

abandon that sinking ship... when such false ways get so persecuted. It's not wise to practice hip poc racy, no. But, one had better make the connection, that only decency, and self respect, and moderation have the power to withstand the self criticism of a God who has entirely moved past the pursuits of base, sensual objectives, *in favor of the pursuits of literary, and artistic goals of equity, and of its acquisition.* **Isn't this an individual journey, which every man makes, at different times in his life...** *this rejecting of the base sensual, in favor*

of spiritual creativity, and in favor of the acquiring of the passion for a real art? I can easily see, how, at a time in our lives, we're so critical of the base, sensual pursuits, having individually walked away from such folly. I know it's hip poc racy to speak in this way, but the pursuit of equity, and of the making and keeping of something to show for the time, ***are values which are favored over that of the expending of sensual potentialities.*** You might can see some of this in my writing, and art, and music. *You should remember this*

lesson, then, and to keep in mind, the difference between what things in this life are lasting and permanent, and what things in such life are transient, and fleeting. You should remember this message, and especially remember the importance of keeping healthy balance in your life. *I think that everyone has their own journey to take, in the conquering of the illusions of sensuality.* In my own life journey, there was my own share of this, and certain pursuits, which had to run their course. I just can't pretend that I didn't chase the 'fantasy encounter,'

because I often did. The secret, I think, was in forgiving these 'rabbit chases,' and quickly moving along, into the good lessons of the spirit, ***as soon as the lower urges really leave you alone, and you're allowed to, at last, be spiritually pure.*** Why do some men get dragged through this? Maybe the sense of contentment which sometimes comes from chasing down the sexual urges is like a glue, which may well have a bonding effect, on the haphazard paths of undisciplined living. *But, such will always tend to run its course,*

in due time. But, just who is it who is in charge of who to love, and of how much? Since there isn't a really good answer for this question, we just try to remember to practice the virtues... **especially, it might be helpful to remember to be 'tolerant, no matter the evil.'** *Maybe by this way we'll save mankind.* I think that your soul, and spirit, should be able to spot when a practice is decrepit, and poor people's self esteem is being eroded, in the mindless pursuit of release, and sensual satisfaction. *This is hip pocracy, but once you have been placed*

on a path of spiritual cultivation, and mindfulness, in the building of real equity, you should never intentionally relapse into sensual shame and guilt. A spiritual mind is just too precious a thing to mindlessly subject such unto these two end results. I myself think that we should order our lives around the building of such equity, and the meaningful compiling, and management of properties of the intellectual kind... and avoid at all costs that which appears to be grief and agony. But, who can say? Maybe we should make ourselves Holy, as

soon as we can mentally grasp the clear advantages of that way. At any rate, these are some thoughts. We should practice compassion, understanding, and forgiveness. If a thing still doesn't seem to fit, if shown these criterion, then such might have more in common with loss, and only amount to grief and agony. These are my best thoughts on the topic... not so as to practice hypocrisy, but so as to look into the matters of, the needs for righteousness, in our society. Life is senseless enough already. We should emphasize purity, and practice

the mindfulness which appears to be in harmony with such purity. These are my best thoughts on the matter. At any rate, today is the second Tuesday in June, this year. I have awoken early, and have written these thoughts down, mainly because I think that they will make for interesting content, in this new 'IMPROMPTU PROFUNDITY,' audiobook. (There may not ever be any 'ultimate answer,' in the progressive music field... who could say, but, especially, I've enjoyed working the issues out of this writing, and giving myself an intelligent article

for the second piece in part two.)

Well, we here have some morning clouds and haziness, and the humidity and dampness outside is pronounced.

The sun should be out by around eleven this morning. Today is the second Tuesday in June, this year. I think that our area is expecting rain again around Thursday of this week.

We'll have some sun until then...

partly sunny, then. Well, I finished some chores this morning, to get a few things off of my mind, so *now the day is brighter and happier.* You have got to sweep and mop up the human

dander, which collects on surfaces such as the floor, and tabletops. Certain bugs will feed on this human dander, and are sometimes nearly impossible to get rid of. So, it's best not to give them any environment that they would be attracted to... *but to keep floors and surfaces swept and mopped.*

Well, when I sit down, and brain storm around collecting some good ideas, to include in an essay, for a book of such essays, ***then I really feel that I'm 'in my element,' and am doing***

what I was meant to do for all of my life. This is part of the enormous appeal of this kind of channeled writing... such really is like driving a large tractor using only your fingertip control. *When I think about the music that has meant the most to me in my life, I think that this would also include the stream of consciousness types of playing.* But, as a child, and teenager, in the nineteen eighties, I lacked the vision of the spiritual latticework, *which I feel would have allowed me a picture of the spontaneously generated and arrived upon*

performing style, for music. So, lacking in this way, I was drawn toward the formal in music, the classical composers, who wrote their hearts out. My world, well, the world that I inhabited at the time, went only by that, and I never knew any different... that is, *until I was given a stack of forty five R P M records from a distant relatives diner's jukebox.* These included a sampling of fifties and sixties artists, mainly from R & B, country, and rock and roll. *I was shown some of the work of film composers from that time which my*

parents had by their high fidelity player. Some of these artists composed spontaneously, into their recording device, and let the music be a kind of end product, and spin off of the ever changing now. *That music, was inseparable from the late seventies, and early eighties, for myself.* Classical and electronic film composers whose works seemed to encapsulate the sweep and grandeur of the age, at the time, *(in my young mind,)* and the science fiction subtext that some of that music was paired with, somewhat told everyone to look

ahead, because the future, our future, was on its way. I listened to my parents' records exhaustively as well. So, but it was my best friend who re introduced me to the electrified rock music sounds of the fifties and sixties. *My forty five R P M record collection, he said, had overlooked some important artists...* So, these became my teachers, and guides. There were a few other important influences, as well. *My usage of sacraments, at the time, somewhat kept my mind immersed in this good music.* But at any rate, I've spoken of most of my

musical influences, from my youth, in my Post P M Note, and now I have here, as well. I hope you see, how my eventual life path, these works you can find on these pages, wouldn't have come to be without my being so exposed to these other great musicians. At any rate, these ideas are starting to come to their conclusion, now, so I'll think about wrapping this article up, and adding it in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

~

Today is the second Wednesday in June, this year. Our weather this morning is beautiful, and sunny. The time is six thirty A M, and I've awoken and taken care of hygiene, and will try to start some new writing. I've come in the bedroom, from the kitchen, where two rabbits were looking in at me, through the sliding glass doors. They were nibbling kudzu, and looking in at me curiously. I'm listening to an optical disc playing softly on my hand held device. With this writing piece

started, I'll somewhat have a focus of attention, throughout the morning. This is the main consideration, as it's generally good to have some work started, on a work day, like today. My mind can be taken back to this word processor any time ideas arise across my day. I truly think that I was made to be a writer. *At the end of the day, I have to hope for the best. My mental illness diagnosis is such that, my paranoid beliefs about things, and goings on in my world, directly influence, and shape the world that I experience.* I've lived with this type of

mental illness for a long time. On a day like today is, a Wednesday, I just have to understand, that this is a work day, in the middle of a work week. This place where I live, is not a leisure playhouse... *It's a place where I stay on the clock, around the clock.* I generally get only one or two days' rest a week, and that will usually be Friday or Saturday. But I will be working on something at any given time. The time, here isn't always very good... it seems like most days here are weather days. I saw on this morning's news here, that we can

expect a chance of thunderstorms and rain, for the next five days at least. We have to do our best, whether the day's news is good or bad. Speaking for myself, I'm feeling the strain, right now... my hope, is that, some time this afternoon, we'll be over the hurdle of the 'middle week,' and the walking will get somewhat easier. Those of us who do feel the strain, these days, and still are given the purpose of work, like writing, or painting, are allowed to have coffee and tea brews. This, and the audio video that I have going constantly are my only reprieve. I

enjoy visits from my parents... they are aging, but can still come to see me. At any rate, yesterday was Tuesday, and I helped a lot with house work, sweeping and mopping most of the living area. My mind is a no boundaries affair. Yesterday it had been a full week since an episode of sudden unexpected dues paying... when my mind felt like I got devastated from above. With over three hundred unique download web pages, my sigh kick troubles sometimes come at me without warning, in unexpected ways. *But, on*

a 'clear day you can see forever,' as the song goes, so I guess you've got to take the bad with the good. Anyways, even if I'm given poor weather I can come up with something that I'll want to look at. I learned a long time ago, that I like listening back to recently made recordings of myself, on piano. So, because of this kind of blessing, I've grown to the place where I can build equity at most any given time... with extensive knowledge of how audio can be made to work with visual images, and video... I'll start from zero... just nothing... and really

have the best time of my life. And I'll then have something to show for the time spent. At any rate, this is the only game plan that I've gone by for twenty five years... this, and staying on my medicine, and keeping my hi jean and house work up, have been the best I could desire. Anyways, from this place on my bed, in this room, I can see through the window across over the adjacent house the pine trees along the west, and see the fading light of this day's sunn. I think that we had a chance of some rain today, but never received any. Our weather will

probably be this same way, throughout the rest of the week... each day seeing about a fifty fifty chance of rain and winds. The time is early in this morning, Thursday, and I've slept, and gotten up at around two A M. Now is a good time to try some writing, I tell myself. *There is a diesel locomotive going by, idling, on the tracks near here, and this drone seems to fill the night.* I sit here, inputting into this word processor, and I imagine reaching my hands and arms up past the sides of my face and head, cradling myself snugly. *The spaces*

about myself, as I sit here on this bed,
seem alive with tiny sounds...
especially the spaces outside my ears
seem to sing, and ring. I've always
thought that empty space, the
vacuum of the interstellar void, is
nearby, and is a sentient presence...
but, myself sitting here... this is the
Earth's biosphere which my mind is
interacting with... I'm down inside of
the soul of the Earth, *snugly cradled*
here in this small room, in this
apartment, here on the land. I
wouldn't last long in a vacuum. At
least, this is what my mind shows to

me. I continue writing in this journal, as my morning gets along today. I'm looking forward to my parents driving down today, and will give Dad his Father's Day gifts. This will definitely be the high point of my week. I've gotten some cleaning accomplished, and straightened up inside, and can now rest and wait on my folks. At any rate, this piece presently seems to read alright, and is at around eight pages in length. I usually try to make my essays be ten pages or better... twelve is my average length. Well, the day today has gotten along. My folks

got safely back home, and I have gotten my evening medicines, and retired back to my apartment for the night. I would say, that my ideal pastime these days is playing instrumental music Cee Dees on my hand held player, while following a train of thought into my word processor, and closely examining the thoughts that arise, to discern quite what is on my mind, from moment to moment, in the composing of an essay of new writing. This type of exercise, is definitely my ideal pastime, and I like to return to this way any time I

can. I don't know which is my preferred way, whether writing in this way, and being in this communion with my higher spirit, or listening back to my finished product. The communion like this is so blessed... and I would say that a person can't be any more alive and experientially engaged, than in the gentle arms of a good angel in this way... there is no higher path. *Such must be the culmination, the crowning achievement of this life on Earth.* I can't think of anything, any way to be any more alive, and in the Now, in the present... and in the

communion with his or her beloved...
than in this existential dancing, and
inter relating with one's spirit. Well,
these have been just a few thoughts.
The time is five thirty, A M, on this
Friday morning, today. I've gotten up
early, and bathed, and had a bite to
eat, and am just going to finish this
article, and get over to our office, for
my medicine. This article has taken
three days to write, and I am at last
finishing it up. I'll wrap these thoughts
up, and add them in with the others,
and send along your way now. All for
now, Greg.

~

When I was a teenager, around the end of the nineteen eighties, I was a bit of a mess. I was introduced to, and thought I needed the sacraments of the psychoactive entheogens, and chemicals. Those substances gave unto me a glimpse into the mind of the future me... I had previously had no idea, that the amazing sense of flying would later become a regular part of each day! *So this was music!* But, this was a big problem for myself, at

age eighteen, because those substances, some of them, were illegal. So, my foundational legacy was fractured, in those days. *I would make poor choices, and more than once I found myself in trouble. That's what happens when you break controlled substances laws.* But, I was in the arms of my Angel... she had me in her cradling. *(Or so it appeared. Somehow I stayed out of trouble.)* Five years after my high school graduation I was given consciousness of some of the presences invisibly within myself. *But until then, the only thing I had was*

a path of art... looking at other's art, and trying to make my own. At a point, the 'space music' program on my public radio station introduced me to improvisational keyboard music, and the power of slow, ambient, or spacey music... *and the beginnings of a plan came into view.* My sketching and painting gradually grew more sophisticated, as well. Everything else in my life was a gradual way of doing as much art as I could... under the influence of the sacraments, as I spoke of, and my piano improvisations eventually got me focused on the

flowing of time, *and I began thinking more about, and noticing the space that fills it.* My experience of this time and space began to come to a fullness, *but I had to meet the spirit guides and presences, and this meant that there were dues to pay.* So my experience was made painful with a thorn in my side. **What had previously come easily... the passage of time... was now difficult, and I felt I had to self medicate this difficult, agitated pain.** But, after five years of feeling this bad way, short poems began coming to me, appearing to

move my hand, and write themselves out by a higher power. I gradually recollected my typing ability, and since I had a computer, this was used to store and file my pieces. This state had persisted for seven years, *and I would have done anything to escape the foreboding, and dread...* experienced as a wrenching restless pain, and discontentment, in my lower extremities. So, in early nineteen ninety eight, following a serious suicide attempt, my peace was restored, ***and I found myself in a pain free state. You could imagine***

my joy. I wanted to write, and play music, and be alive in the new sense of bliss, and freedom. I knew that eventually I would be a prolific artist myself, *and I began acting accordingly. I gradually built a literary legacy.* So, what you can see here isn't just a cookie cutter writing style... *such was hard won.* At any rate, today is the second Saturday in June, this year. I'm enjoying getting these thoughts down into this word processor memory, *and seeing how I can finish this article.* I think that it will be good if I'm shown a lot of ideas,

and if I can continue getting them into writing, like this. I think, that this present will be an ideal time for getting any such creative work done... *for arriving upon, and coming to agreement of just who and what we can be.* After a traumatizing event, part of what we're left with are some difficult memories... *I think that we can feel and experience some of the painful memories and loss that others have been through, as a virtual sense of temporality, and transience in our lives.* This is only natural, and comes from the hearts who were up rooted,

and forced to walk on past their lives. The measure of our own lives, I feel comes, *as we take the sense of trauma, and loss, and turn it into something good, and helpful.* This is the 'lemons into lemonade,' plan. Anytime something unpleasant happens to good people, we only want to show forth our own strength, in being flexible as such people re live the memories of what they have been through. When, we can be sturdy, stable, guides, and companions, as some people re locate their peaceful, pleasant songs in their own inner

hearts... *then we will have demonstrated our fidelity.* People whose lives lack organization, and the blessings of a sense of structure, like the mental health patients, just need some help in these two areas. *I myself am blessed that the good Lord has worked carefully in my life for twenty years or longer, as a conscious partner, to lift my life into a higher wavelenth frequency.* So, what you can see here, is something like a homecoming dance to affirm the spiritual balance in my own life, and in the lives of others, and to encourage

others, who are along on their own paths, and journeys... *toward remembering the limitless potentialities contained within any good, helpful spirit's presence.* Some people will have gone home, to their ancestral promises, *and others will be survivors, and must continue trying to solve spirit's puzzles and enigmas, down here on Earth.* It's a great blessing, to have some of my own life to share, ***and maybe just by myself acknowledging, 'Yes, I had to see that, and I'll never forget what I saw... but there must be hope***

despite it... and new meanings to locate, new relationships to keep.'

No mortal can really judge others, such, I think always somewhat needs to be informed by both higher ascended, and lower worlds... (knowing the law,) and 'death is no respecter of persons.' We all have to try and do anything we can do, as opportunity presents itself. At any rate, these are some ideas this morning. The time here is around ten thirty A M, and I've just had a cup of iced instant coffee, and in a few minutes, I'll have some corn chips, and

look back at this writing's progress. *If you feel a thing, won't you then speak or write of it?* I think that writers see pictures, in their minds and physical body, and then strive to get down into words the particular nuances of the pictures. I'm grateful to be blessed with some peaceful pictures this morning, *as our relationships here are in the clear, and our time is secure.* This is such a pleasant little hill top enclave, and our happiness I feel confirms and affirms our best hopes for a decent future. I think that, we're looking toward the coming autumn

seasonal times, and the start of another year, in our minds... and in truth. *I think, that I for one will be happily busy in 'dreaming the new year in,' as I will be writing or producing at most any time, of any week. I don't expect this to change... but I could if I had to. Every good thing has come through as we have hoped it would, and **any mental illness, or attachment to suffering which I deal with in my life, will not be so distracting that anyone loses sight of their good grip on reality.*** What we really have to do, is

rest knowing that, **when our earthly candle flame goes out, the one in Heaven only shines brighter.**

Mental illness, or cancer, or bodily decay then can't affect it. So, this is a pretty good promise, if you ask me, and I'm happy and proud to have been shown it. We will have gotten past our fears of a 'Wizard of Oz' type God concept. *We might will believe in a loving caring Father who only wants the all around best for their offspring.* And it's good to wholly believe that this is and will be true. *'Blessed are the meek, for they will inherit the*

world.' Anyways, I tend to measure a lot by how strong and peaceful my music sounds now. This is because music travels on the air, and conveys anything it picks up thereupon to our ear drum. A better, more reassuring sound has more promise for the future. I know that sound is very meaningful to us as people... *it should be so sweet, and have continuance.* If a particular sound appears broken, then it gets squared away in the past, and needn't ever repeat itself. *Isn't this the same way as the Churches' story?* We'll never have to face crucifixion

again, paid in full. There are many ways to see. At least these are some of my own. Well, I'll see about wrapping this article up, and adding it in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

As I sit to jot some thoughts down, this second Saturday evening in June, this year, I'm feeling restive, and now at six P M here I'm somewhat wishing to examine some of the thinking which almost always bothers myself. *This is a free country, where I live, so there is*

no right or wrong way to think, I don't care who you are. Back in two thousand and two, I found a book called, 'The Journey of Art.' ***Our beliefs about our world determine our experiences of that world.*** My mind is somewhat susceptible to paranoid self criticism. This isn't so bad, except for when I fall for a delusional notion, and develop a false belief. I was once shown a checklist which I still think of sometimes, covering the ways that bad behavior, often starts with something you wouldn't think much about... emotions.

Such pointed out how a whole range of negative phenomena come from something simple... mere emotions. Here's the checklist, showing the progression from innocuous, simple things, to the worst of actions, and behaviors. I'll never forget it: **1) Emotions, 2) thoughts 3) feelings 4) beliefs 5) attitudes,** and lastly, **6) behaviors.** Just put 'bad' in front of these six things, and you'll see what I'm talking about here. You see, simple strong emotions, thoughts, and feelings can lead to wrong beliefs, attitudes, and worst, bad behaviors.

You see, the 'Journey of Art,' is a very real journey, indeed. This is especially true, when you understand how many people in our world have and experience bi-polar symptoms. You know how bi-polar symptoms are don't you? You know, how when we feel good, and things are going well, *we're an perfect example of 'enlightened leadership.'* Then, there will be this reversal, of this enlightened state collapsing back upon itself... and tending to consume the self, in corrosive paranoia, which can, definitely, lead to the six ranges of

phenomena, spoken of above. *Strong emotions, in some people, cause 'stinking thinking.'* This stinking thinking directly creates bad feelings within a person. Then, the last three. Enough bad feelings, and the human mind gives in to a 'bad belief,' in some way. Bad beliefs are so taboo, that I'm reluctant to mention much about. A bad belief may be the false thought, or assumption that someone is 'out to get me.' (*When you haven't done anything to them, Why would they want to get at you?*) A bad belief, about the world, can directly influence,

and affect our experience of that world. This tends to cause in someone a bad attitude to form, and this kind of thing, would definitely make everyone stare at them, and wonder what they'll do, or say next. *That, you see, would be a 'bad behavior.'* So, this I've covered shows you how simple strong emotions, almost always cause stinking thinking, in some people. So, and this type of thinking, makes the self feel very bad, very quickly. So, *you see how even bad behaviors, sometimes will come from simple strong emotions.* (This isn't a

checklist. It's more of a list of the stages we tend to go through, when we tend to be bi-polar... with the enlightened state at the top, and then, when our minds' polarity reverses, we tend to be self critical to the point of paranoia, *and this can even cause delusional thinking patterns, such as the false belief that 'people are after me.'*) At any rate, I've shown you this list of stages, *and how this sometimes can be seen in borderline people, who live with occasional bi-polar symptoms, and do have to navigate these areas.* Here's where I get back

to 'The Journey of Art.' You see, finding a book like this, for myself, back in two thousand and two, was a Godsend. Such spoke to this effect... this tendency, in the arts, and of artists, to fall into false, but compelling beliefs about the self, such as the false notion, that 'I changed the sunlight,' or in some way 'caused a massive problem.' You see, truer than this, is that, **1) No one noticed,** and **2) You're feeling an invisible weight of importance of guilt, or false sense of causality,** which might just as well entirely lift off of

yourself, and you would feel a great spring in your steps, and you wouldn't even be able to say what had gotten you down... **and the worlds ongoings and activities would continue completely unaffected...** *no matter you were feeling weighed down, or not... the people of the world don't care how you feel.* Once a person gets a glimpse of this light and weightless state, you'll remember, and know how pointless is letting your heaviness really influence your beliefs, or behaviors at all. *You'll then tend to be relieved of the false belief that 'I*

did it,' or that 'I'm guilty' in some way.

'The journey of Art,' is something that many people will be going through concurrently, in a vast, diverse society, where everyone and anyone is the director, and or the producer, and or the principal artist in the production. *Because in a world such as this one, many people will experience bi-polar mood swings, not just one.* The reason for this, of course, is that everyone is the artist, now. So, in this bi-polar type of personal make up, you'll want to remember this six stage check list,

and how important it is, to somewhat keep strong emotions in check. These have just been some thoughts, to conclude Part two of this 'Impromptu Profundity - Pathways of Spirit,' audio book. Well, I'll send these ideas along your way, now. All for now, Greg.

~

SOME IMPROMPTU THINKING, TO begin part three of this 'IMPROMPTU PROFUNDITY,' Audio book. I'm drawn to artists, and stories about real

artists. I'm trying to better understand the significancies and meanings that set well seasoned, and experienced musicians apart from the others. *How does what I do, in instrumental piano, fit in with some of the other styles?* I've played the piano since about age seven. Early on, in learning this instrument, I would want to record myself playing, with drums, and guitar. At a point, however, I realized that, a mechanical, repetitive drum rhythm is not what I want going in my music. I came to the understanding that time itself is a fluid

element, *and we can entirely make a break from these set, mechanical patterns.* Since about nine teen ninety eight, I've seen how rhythm is a malleable, pliable element in any composition. You can see, right away, how this is just very fertile literary ground. ***Why don't you just speak about the meaning of life itself, for myself?*** Philosophically, making a break from mechanistic rhythm *is something like coming into Paradise.* I'm just starting out, in this line of thinking, somewhat for the sake of argument... *my mind can do with it*

what it will. I really like my kind of free form writing and musical style. So, I wouldn't want to ever again feel constrained to mechanistic, repeating patterns. My music, is more rhapsodic... it traverses so many various rhythms, in any given piece... *the diverse rates, and time signatures, I think are part of the free expression of it.* At any rate, I sit and write. I guess that the main thing I'm doing, with this, is being receptive... resting my hands on my word processor keyboard, *to get down any thought that arises.* When a person is in

communion with a higher ascended being, so as to build literary, musical, and artistic works, ***possibilities just abound.*** It's wrong, then to think in any self limiting, or constraining ways. Any line of thinking, or melody has possibility, and potential... if you can get it down on paper quick enough to catch it. *(That is, if such passes certain basic criteria.)* I enjoy starting out in an unplanned manner, and just seeing what, if anything, materializes. The piano music on my headphones sounds so good, this morning. *I just know I've got to move away from rigid*

construe ments of my writing this morning, and think only about the abundance of good possibilities. These are just some ways to start out writing... *there aren't any rules to impose.* Your idea is just as good as mine is. I enjoy sitting on this bed, with my headphones on, and just getting down every possible idea that I can, this morning. (Within limits.) *Having of time on my hands equates to new equity.* The time is just ahead of our lunch, and I sit to get any ideas down that may be about. After lunch I'll somewhat collect my thoughts

better, I think. But for now, I'm just imagining reaching my hands and arms up past the sides of my face and head... *threading the needle, and hopefully releasing the pressure I feel at the sides of my head.* At any rate, our weather today is sunny and hot, temperatures into the upper eight teens... with clouds and storms expected over the next two, maybe three days. We've gotten past our lunch, and mid day medicines... and I've returned to our apartment, and gotten this writing together, again. The time is later, and it's after our

dinner, around five thirty this Monday evening. I've gotten situated with my writing, and am going to allow thoughts to freely go onto my media. There's a bit of a hollowness in my moods, this evening... *(as if I'm affected by a particular kind of restlessness, and I'm trying to figure out quite what is causing it.)* My spiritual inspiration has been overflowing, and abundant for such a long time... it seems very rare that I have this sort of lack of interest in my writing. *I'm wondering, quite just what is on my mind.* I would wish that

my spirit guide could just let her hair down, and relate unto me what is bothering her. I'm thinking, that I've got various concerns, in a time like this one... *we've all seen more than our share of trouble, and I'm no exception.* But, in consoling myself, I would say that there's only one person that I have to worry about... myself. *I think that I'm just so bothered by the mistakes of others, that I seem to be loosing sight of me.* But, such is life. My writing success rate has been very high, through the first half of this year, and I've rarely been stymied, or gotten

discouraged by writer's block. (*The trick to moving past, I think, is to continue puzzling over any bogged down predicament... because, If I labor over a literary flowing for long enough, I'll eventually come up with a way past it.*) The technique of letting a visual image, such as of the way water flows down a mountain side, or how a cyclist starts out shakily and gains momentum, and balance until he's moving right along, and gets to his destination... *such visual imagery can carry a reader's attention along, down the page.* At any rate, I'm

waiting to get these evening medicines, and I'll get back to my apartment. Now, it's after a night's rest, and right before I go to my morning meeting to get medicines and a bite to eat... *and I'm still given to using jazzy imagery, to further finish this article. (If I can somewhat elevate my mind from the mundane concerns of the time,)* I'll find my concluding thoughts, and get along to the second article. My reader can see, that there's not much in my mind, right now. Other than, I'm reminded of the George and Ira Gershwin song,

which goes like, '***I hope, that she turns out to be... Someone who'll watch over me.***' Some people have this enscribed on their tombstone, and I might well be one of them. *At any rate, I see now, where I have been going with my thinking, the past few days!* At any rate, some poets, writers, thinkers, artists, and dreamers, and schemers are like this. *And, I guess that we should be able to spot the difference... and know, just what we think and believe about important issues in our lives.* So, to me this is partly the reason why

journaling, and the craft arts, and folk arts are so important in our society... and how to see this. Well, I have thought and thought, and this is the best, I guess, that I can come up with, to conclude the first article in this part three, of this '*Impromptu Profundity*,' audio book. I hope, as well, that you can get a sense of the fervency, in some ways, of my spirit guidance, in a time like this one... ***In twenty first century American living, 'With the right oversight,' I would say, 'Some problems, could be avoided altogether.'*** And, I hope that this is

truthful, and matches up with what you would say, 'At the end of the day.' At any rate, I'll wrap these thoughts up, and add them in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

As I sit to somewhat peer inwardly, in writing this second article of this third part of the '*Impromptu Profundity*,' audio book, I'm impressed with how well things in this life go, when everyone does their part, and there aren't any obstacles, or impediments

to us accomplishing our objectives...
we can accomplish them. Maybe
seeing things work so well, on an
ordinary day, such as this one, will
give unto me confidence, in my future.
Certainly I've been able to get a lot of
work done... I'd say that my writing
course, for one thing, has been very
successful and productive, for a while.
Anyway this is a good beginning of an
article, and I can add into it across my
time, today. At any rate, these are
some thoughts. Yesterday afternoon's
work was so good to push through,
without hesitation, or fuss... and then

simply rest in it being done, and behind me. *So, that was really all right.* This morning, some of us went to the main office, and got our monthly medicine taken care of. *As said, all went well.* This afternoon, we're expecting rain and thunder, after three P M, so this is what we'll likely see. Well, we got some rain and thunder. I'm somewhat affected by the frequent storms that we've been having... these usually tend to scare me... the chances for a cyclone are enough to make me worry. I think I'm just getting older. It's the next day,

the third Thursday morning in June this year, and a squall line is passing through. I've gotten my medicine, and just had a bite to eat. The worst of our weather has passed... now it's just a breezy drizzle... and now it's a downpour... and now it's a misty fog... *different ways of this weather, as it's moving through.* I've found that it's really difficult finding any belief in one's self, from day to day. *The weight of self criticism is usually so great.* But, then I'll get a chance to hear one of my audio or video chapters played back, and I'll be very

impressed, by the unique talent. At any rate, my going is really slow, for the recent few days. This new chapter is not wanting to move along. But, then the Good Lord will work a magic, *and I'll find myself ahead of my goals... I'll be struggling just to keep up with my progress.* But, have you ever thought, how most people work best, when they have to work around a handicap? *This has been something like the story of my life.* I've written about this numerous times before now. It's still true... *successful people aren't Supermen, they've usually adapted to*

unique challenges. **Just a reminder.**

At any rate, on a day like this one, I find myself worrying that I could lose my sobriety. It's just that I sometimes feel as though I'm tossed against the rocky shore line... contrary emotions are sometimes smaller, and don't affect me much... but sometimes they're larger, and their effect is worse. *It's hard to boldly chart the future path, when you've been so upset by the severity of some current events.* This is what my reader doesn't see, necessarily... on any given writing session, there will have been at

least some very crazy circumstances, and contemporary events... and these things are sometimes so distracting... it's easy to forget why one is doing media work at all. *I've said how some people should have gotten help a year or more ago... then they would have had some oversight, for when they do make a wrong choice... their situation could have been remedied with some help.* Well, it's not easy to begin a new chapter in an audio book, **when I'm still upset about someone who went wrong.** But, this is sometimes what we have to do, as writers... we'll

have to continue walking on past the trouble. At any rate, our blustery, breezy weather has come to stillness, now, after the squall line has passed through, our weather is cloudy, and with a sense of stillness. ***I think that there's something to be said for putting the past in the past, and for somewhat squaring away the mental illness, and disturbed times.*** We see this almost every week. It's interesting, how older and younger will be different at some times. I think that the decade from one's middle forties, to middle fifties,

for most people brings such changes, that It's almost night and day. This should suffice to explain many of the generational divides you see in our society... and how, after a person's middle fifties, the focus, for many people, *somewhat shifts from the mortal sphere, and it's concerns, to the ascended, immortal lands around this universe.* I think, that it's good when someone will write of these sorts of journeys, and changes, because, there is such a shroud of mystery, around the veil between the worlds... and more study is needed. Anyways,

this is somewhat what this writing has mainly been about, for five years or more, of my life... these meditations around someone's departure, *as there had been loss in my family, and there were two or more deaths in my home family nucleus, with the loss of our home's benefactors, and closure of the home.* Since there's really not a lot of conclusive information about the 'great beyond,' we increasingly want to read writing in the areas of parapsychology, and metaphysics. *I've been a student of this lore, and these sorts of writings, since I began*

*to enter the adult realm, as a nineteen year old. At any rate, I've somewhat recently rediscovered my 'Jazz Seasons,' volumes three and four, albums, and am impressed... The sonic clarity, and variety of the synthesizer settings, especially in volume three, make these interesting listens. I've found, through the years, that **'anywhere I hang my hat is home,'** the act of living, itself, being a meeting of the challenges, as they are... the specifics of my living arrangement just being a facilitation, of what can be so happy, as it is...*

especially when I'm enjoying a hobby path, or craft practice. At any rate, these thoughts appear to be coming to their conclusion, about now, so I'll wrap this writing up, and add in with the others, now. I hope my reader has a great weekend, and new week ahead. All for now, Greg.

~

In starting this third article, of the third part of this '*Impromptu Profundity*,' audio book, I'm just going to get some initial ideas down into this

word processor... and just see how this writing session compares to others, previously.... *Do these ideas seem larger, and stronger, in going on to this media, or more mine nute?* Does this beginning paragraph have more or less of a sense of solidity, and permanence? Is my walking sure, or hesitant? ***Do I seem to be facing more or less resistance... and just how is my grip... my sense of command over these ideas?*** These can all be important questions, in sizing up, the new work of this morning. I've seen how my concepts

and understandings have been somewhat shaken by recent events of the past week or so... *such as this makes me somewhat to doubt the time, in a broader sense... is our worldview at risk?* Are we to continue walking... *or maybe stop to check our vital signs?* I think I must have just had a hallucination, or something. Maybe I observed a lower order phenomena, and am questioning my own integrity, first, maybe, and the encompassing lands... *or something concurrent to, or about this time we're living in... such as the maybe overly*

intense rays from the sun. The planet is telling us something... or I'm questioning the seismic stability of our continent, or this part of the world. I'm also remembering something like, how, *there must be some serious embedded corruption, in the lower classes... which our spirits would tell us about, if they thought we could see.* We've truly seen too much news about alcohol and narcotic fueled, and even weapons cultures... which, 'Doesn't that sort of thing always come to it's own early end?' *I just don't want to be in the path of it, when it*

blows. I think, that some of our uniquely purist, and idealistic spiritual views onto this world, might be an illusion, in some cases. Many men and women, in actuality, at least among the lower classes, *have lives based in such 'lower iddhi,' and the obscene, crude, rude configurations of such sensually based trappings... (the faking of wellbeing chemically, and artificially,)* **and will be on their way out.** Some will have vehicles, temporarily, but they're in process of losing them... nice possessions tend to get pawned for cash, when monies get

tight. Many people have a lower order concept of spirituality, *or don't know or understand the healthy spiritually socialized, and cultured classes.* More young people every day are taking up apartments, and getting by from drinking episode to episode... *taking and consuming narcotics, I think are par for the course, there.* So, you see, this looks like the back drop which God sees, from within a type of conscience like mine own... **as these sorts of backgrounds, and histories haven't disappeared... they live on in other, even poorer lives,**

many of whom might never make it to real cleanliness, and sobriety.

*Many people of the world will not make it out. Cars, alcohol, women, street drugs... **statistics, prisons, and graveyards, and worse claim most of these people.*** So, you can see, that looking back, for someone like myself, *is a kind of scanning backwards in time, into the most decrepit, foreboding arenas of existence which one could imagine.* Many many families have problems such as drug and alcohol dependency in their youth... and these have to live,

and exist somewhere. You would find out about this lower class of people quickly, *if you fell out of your sobriety, or your mental health well being status changed.* How easy it might will have been to allow myself to get lulled into dreams of hazy, alcoholic wasting, as a young person. *I believe that I've spoken the truth, about these life paths, and I've been through them, previously, **and see all, of the blessings of my sobriety, through the lenses of this past history.*** Such visions make me scared, and careful to remember to keep a firm

grip on the good things that I do have, and foremost among them is my sobriety, and my sanity. *So, when my recent understandings and concepts are so shaken, as to make myself question everything... such suggests that there's a serious seismic or tectonic rift of some kind, which we will have to get past.* Anyways, you always blame your poets and artists and dreamers when there's appeared to be a rift. **When this happens, will be when I get kicked around like a rag doll.** My way is one of a poet, in the basic sense of the word. I'm pretty

much of a pure, and very generalistic
mediumistic vessel... a voice...
*through which spiritual waters flow
through, onto external media. **People
tend to associate me with any
emergent reality, good or bad.*** I
took the recommendation, '**We should
make ourselves holy and rye chuss
vessels for the higher ascended
beings to make best usage of, and
through,**' somewhat seriously. If
you're wondering just what it is that
makes my day complete, it's the
fullest realization of my amateur radio
enthusiast aspirations. I always

thought I would have to start my own station, with my own content, to get my music heard by others. So *surprising, then to find out that this required not the right radio, but a personal computer station.* My music's reached tens of thousands of listeners, through the years. I've really been granted the fulfillment of my dreams, and couldn't be happier. *So, and when you might tend to blame the poets, writers, and musicians, whenever there appears to be a rift emergent... I guess it's because they are the closest to real experience that you*

know of. I myself get kicked around like a rag doll, as soon as people distrust the spiritual currents which flow among people in general. *I'm used to it. (This is mainly because I write in spiritualistic terms, and so represent the closest to emergent space that ordinary people may ever contact.)* **I always absorb blame and abuse because of the animalistic infestations that get forced over upon our society.** I myself started out with a broken sound, and fell into mental illness and insanity, back shortly after the

Christian Millennium, in two thousand and three... *but was then handed a path of sobriety and righteousness, and with an eye of discernment charted and voyaged the much higher course... **that's what made all the difference in my life.** I was transformed!* I started out spiritually dead, and mentally defeated back in nineteen nine tee eight... never realizing my poor predicament... but after my fall, was allowed by Grace to fly with the eagles. *At any rate, you can easily see just what a good spirit being can and will do in a life... and I*

for one somewhat follow the ways and values of my spiritual forebearers... mine and my Mom's and Dad's ancestors... by way of our family photos and albums. (In case you were wondering what it is that I believe in.)

And, having through God's grace conquered the illegal substances and alcohol dependency of my twenties decade... I'm highly conscious of the most decrepit, foreboding lands, as I mentioned... at the juncture of unemployment, addictions, and empty time... **which reside around the 'borderlands,' the 'fringes,' of our**

healthy culture. This heightened consciousness of those fringes, where the defeated live and die... **are why I try through all means possible to strengthen my ties to the health and well being structures in our society... because I wouldn't ever wish to go back through that. *But, I'm starting to think that our healthy worldview, even, could be endangered.*** At any rate, these ideas seem to be coming to their conclusion about in through here, so I'll wrap this article up, and add it in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

~

I've found, through the years, that I'm pretty good at coming up with strong written content... I sometimes just need a little spur to my productivity. People know, that my values are mainly around the best written output, and acquiring it efficiently... and so, a morning like this one... will see me getting this done. *I've been writing for this journal, for more than twenty five years, and I know how to get good*

results, in a wide variety of circumstances. I think that my reeder can see, how for my part, no matter the circumstances, such lemons, such setbacks will always be made into healthy, quality product, *which does what it's supposed to do, and doesn't hurt the stomach.* For my part, at any rate, there will be some good outcome. Then, at least, we'll have something to show for the time spent... *good equity won't be revoked.* At any rate, it's sure good to have a good, safe, clean environment, *and to know how to keep it kept up, to accomplish what ever*

good goals we have in living. But, just because a scene is healthy and productive on the home front, doesn't always mean that times are that good, throughout the land. ***In fact, right now, I'm willing to suggest that our worldview, as recovered, clean living disabled Americans, might seem like it's in jeopardy.*** Such has been the severity of some of the times, and circumstances we have had to share our country, our world with. I can't help it, but if an earthquake or volcano doesn't disrupt our healthy, recovered lives, ***I think, that some***

***of us will see how, much as the
Tah oh ists do see, that, 'weapons
of war tend to backfire, and self
destruct, when placed in
incompetent hands.'*** And such

weapons are very easy... too easy... to
come by in our land. *And then, people
aren't given any training, or support
for quite what to do with those
weapons.* At any rate, I just about
can't stand to write about topics like
this, because of the hopelessness of
some men's predicament, but, when I
feel the strain as much as I have,
lately, I'll get into the problems with

guns, in America. **I think some guys instincts are not there.** *A grown man should easily be able to see, that a firearm is an intensely concentrated quantity of destructive power, contained in a tiny, tiny package. And, sadly, in our culture, some men and women are borderline. No one in his right mind, unless he has a badge, or a special permit, would want this kind of intensely concentrated destructive power in his or her environment, much less on his person. Especially not a person who knows that he's special, and who needs extra help. Your*

instincts should tell you to stay away from that kind of thing. *But, that's an easy thing for me to say, because my Mom's half brother, my Uncle, killed himself with a semiautomatic handgun when I was nine.* My Uncle Doug was someone I looked up to, but he had some little problem with illegal substances. I wasn't expecting him to die in that way. He was teaching himself to play the organ, and the guitar, and his artistic books of music tablature came to me after his funeral. *Us cousins asked ourselves, 'Why, Doug, why?' after his funeral, and I*

think that I rightly came to the conclusion, that he would still be alive, if he just hadn't had a firearm in his possession. **If he had just hurt himself with a knife, he could have turned out like myself, a success story with scars, who has many books, and artworks, and music albums, and videos to his credit.** Only he was denied this outcome, because of that gun that was in his possession. So, in my twenties decade, I instinctually knew to never have a gun. In fact, I was offered a gun, in nineteen ninety seven... living

alone, in the city, a friend thought I might like some means of self defense. *But, I refused, absolutely, and it took me years to even forgive him his offering me that gun.* My mind thought 'Are you trying to get me killed?' Because part of me knew I could turn it against my own self. *And sure enough, I got suicidal later that year, and hurt myself badly with a knife.* So, I still think, my instincts kept me out of trouble. *At any rate, I'm in a good mood this morning. This is because I busted some moves yesterday morning, and got some*

*house work done... I swept and mopped most of the house, including my bedroom, and under the bed and chairs. At least, you see, this puts me in a good position to get this good writing work done this morning... so from one type of win, comes another type of win. That's all I know about it. Well, these thoughts presently are coming to their conclusion, so I'll put them away for the time being, and get some rest. **At any rate, I myself carry gratitude, that I'm shown the good faith in myself, to allow me to write this little journal.***

After all, we would all want to be the one to 'save the day,' or make people smile... **anyone would love to have that honor.** Well, these are some thoughts. I put an independent artist's C D on my optical victrola, and my mind, and spirit is treated to a sound which appears to encapsulate, and sum up the 'human predicament...' This is just what this person's music does... *such seems to stand for the human drama, our twenty first century perspective, on life on Earth.* We've got beautiful weather, at last here where I am... only a small chance of

thunder storms for the next day or two. This weather is hot, though. If you think you don't need your air conditioner, you'll quickly realize, that hot, and sticky, and itchy is not a very comfortable way to be. Living with box fans in the windows is just not the same... this is much better. At any rate. This writing is coming along pretty well, this morning. I think that I've got almost ten pages, in this article, so far. I guess, that when my words run dry, I start remembering again, the pain of the day. *I tell myself, again, that only time will heal*

it. The pain just isn't going to go away, just because we can agree that some people are too incompetent to own a firearm, and that it's too easy to get a gun in America. **But, time will heal.** Any time some few people are given power over many others, you run the risk of the system getting corrupted. Guns, especially, can give any one group power over others, depending on how they're used. The criminal justice system, is based around careful enforcement of our laws, with firearms, and in clear light of just deterrents, and known penalties

for offenses. *But, just look at human enslavement in America in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.* How many innocent people went to their graves, from or while in forced labor, at gunpoint? Hundreds, even thousands, as that system persisted from the country's inception until the eighteen sixties. It had been the same in Europe, as well. England had been imperialistic, and couldn't stop taking foreign peoples into captivity, and dominating them by force, at gunpoint. The Indian peoples, and South African, especially. The easy

availability of guns, had terrible effects over the whole of Earth, for hundreds of years... people misusing, and abusing them. This is not very nice to talk about, but it was just the way it was for a long time. *A gun placed in an incompetent person's hands, is just as bad, still today. We've already seen the craziest miscarriages of justice, just in the recent five years.* It's no secret the bad effects of guns in the wrong hands. So, each week seems to be a new permutation of this basic bad situation. Borderline people should

know to avoid such intensely concentrated destructive power...

your instincts should show you that this would only give you a false sense of power... and you should never want that around you. At any rate. But, the right

experts will always know how to use guns in the right way... **with a badge, or special permit, that shows you have been properly trained to know what they are, and aren't.** At any rate, these ideas appear to be coming to their eventual conclusion, now. I'll wrap them up and add them

in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

Peering into a light flowing of language symbols, onto my page, this morning, I'm conscious of the strong potentialities contained within this new start on an essay, *and am happy to just be shown this 'new beginning.'* This start to this fifth article, in this third part of this new audio book, appears to be somewhat willing to come along, *and I get down whatever I*

can come up with. We have a beautiful, sunny start on a new day, this morning, and this writing can finish out this third part of this **'Impromptu Profundity'** audio book, today. It's good to have the necessary energy, and inspiration, to approach this goal, this morning. I'll be able to add into this article, as the day goes along. I'm sitting on this low bed, before getting over to our office for our morning medicines, and a small bite to eat, to bring home, and put in our microwave oven. I'm expecting the temperature outside to be hot and

humid, so I'm mentally preparing myself for the walk. Today is the fourth Monday in June, this year. *Having some writing started this morning will give to my day a central focus, and I'll be able to add into it as the day gets along.* I'm very glad to be in a stable home community, where everyone keeps their own place up. *We here put some good upkeep work in over the weekend, and I'm very glad that that's taken care of.* I'm sitting here, looking at the morning sunlight coming in through the open window blinds, and thinking, *'How good I feel,'*

on a usual morning. *A cup of coffee didn't hurt, either.* At any rate, these thoughts are coming along, well enough, and I've gotten over to the office, and am in line, with the others, to get these medicines. Such doesn't usually take too much time, and I somewhat enjoy this, most mornings. Change of scenery, is an interesting part of the day, most days, *and seeing and hearing the different ways of the other consumers, is usually eye opening, and surprising, as such is different every time.* My writing is my own grounding and centering, *and*

gives a strong complement to the various directions people will go in, on any given day. I do have writing coming along right now, and such is a direct path to my peace and wellbeing... much like being tethered to the umbilical cord, of an embryo. At least, this is the sense that writing gives me. At any rate, I can tell, that my sense of focus and command over my stream of thoughts *is something of a component in the quality, to me, of this good morning.* But, a quick glimpse, into the morning's forgetfulness, or confusion,

*tells me, plainly and simply, to stay close to my Source. I really don't quite know how some others manage to get by, without having an array of craft, and personal care, and home keeping abilities to draw from, in navigating the arduous day, any given day. I do try to stay close to these good personal upkeep rhythms, and methods... **I try to do this, because a close relationship with a guiding spirit is a precious thing to have.** I have lived in times in my life, when I was much more alone, and this just isn't one of them. But, outside of this*

*close writing, and personal upkeep relationship, it's so easy to make a misstep. I've long seen how, any given choice, outwardly, might lead me wrong. This morning, for instance, an episode of telepathic forgetfulness, might have gotten me off balance. But, quickly recognizing my mistake, I returned to my center line, and began again. I react to something miniscule, in a temper mental, fussy manner, and such makes me remember why I keep to myself more, anyway. **(Because of the errors which always creep into relationships, and come in***

between friends, I'll rarely be open, and willing with someone for long... until I begin seeking more for solitude, and quiet times by myself.)

When I think of faith in God, I think of those who I've leaned on, through the years. *This means spiritual intelligences, about my life. This is what I'm most blessed to know.* Even today, just with this writing, which I'm trying to do, it requires patience, and belief that such can still continue prospering, *even when I've somewhat written a lot, already.* You might would think that the levee would

break, figuratively speaking, or something similarly perilous. But, I myself trust the Lord, and every keystroke, every step is guided, I think, toward a good outcome. *And this is nothing new. I seem to want little more than to revel in the communion, and togetherness, with my guiding spirit, and let everything, just every good thing, come at her pace.* In God's time. It's good to think, as well, that I can get some sketching done, maybe this morning, instead of writing. So, I'll set this work at my word processor

keyboard aside, for the time being. *(Because, it looks like, smoother sailing, right now, is found in visual art.)* I have worked for an hour or so this morning, to try and generate a sketched visual image, which could be used in an artistic way. Anyways, I have a somewhat complete sketching to start with, this morning, and so, maybe after lunch, I can come up with a second, or a third. Our weather has gotten somewhat hazy, even overcast... these afternoon showers, seem to be back. I think, that if I come to a good conclusion, be it

spiritual, aesthetic, or in design, or even politics, or ethics... in doing art, *then such understanding has at least been profitable to that extent.* At least I will have advanced and developed my theories, or philosophies, *a bit further. I know of many artists, these days, whose work seems to ask, firstly that the listener or viewer be at peace with the kind of inherent dissonance that is present in the vacuum of empty space... and then, out of that dissonance, and chaos they draw beautiful melodies, and designs.* **But, they always**

begin from dissonance, or chaos.

Some minds are based, and begin, somewhat in this dissonance, or chaos... *and then bring good works from out of that chaos. Some musicians do this.* In a way, you can say, that as Humans, we inhabit a planet, Earth, which spins and pivots around our central star, the Sun. So, *and the emptiness of space, is really a hard vacuum.* **But, our planetary sphere, is enfolded by a breathable pocket of air.** Only, this pocket is surrounded by the vacuum. *If you can see, you see that the*

human form is like a harmonious symphony. But, I think that a vacuum is a place of chaos. Life doesn't much live in a vacuum. **Yet down here on the surface of the Earth, we can live, and dwell and journey, and return, all in or within some of our Earth's atmosphere.** But, I think that the nagging doubts, and distant worries, around, and outside our minds, *equate to the void, the vacuum within which our planet spins, and orbits.* **As long as we remain in our oxygen pocket, we're all right. But we're constantly reminded of**

the encompassing void. And, right now, I'm growing conscious of a great spacious volume around my mind... *and somewhat wondering, if I might be seeing to the edge of space itself... to the edge of the void.* At any rate, I've thought before, about how, when part of us can see to the fringes of life, on this planet, *it causes a kind of a sensory deafening, or overload, at our ears.* So, as this sound appears, or gets more insistent, *we might see how our real or imagined actual spatial intersections might be further out... bigger... more vast.* At any rate, some

artists' works are more, or less informed by the harsh, hard vacuum, and, ***might not this be the source of the perceived dissonance?*** Our truth, and beauty might be based in our human form. But, we're all somewhat enfolded in the dissonance of the vacuum, of empty space. At any rate, these are things which can be seen and found from my perspective, this morning. Anyways. I'll wrap this writing up and send along your way now. All for now, Greg.

~

I'M PONDERING OVER THE BEST WAY TO start my part four, of this *'Impromptu Profundity,'* audio book, this morning. The type of migraine that I have, this morning, seems to be impassive, and unyeilding. I've spent the last hour somewhat trying to push past it... it only grew more resistive. *Seeing my hands and arms, upstretched past the sides of my head... I go on in this manner, until I move past the pain, and finally progress.* But, it seems to be a

resistive type of migraine, it isn't easily pushed past. At the last part of '*Impromptu Profundity*,' part three, my writing got a bit twisted, into the handicap of having seen too much, and then of feeling like I had to write about something unspeakable. So, I have some regrets about part three, and am just glad to get along into this part four. *It's no good to speak of some problems, for it doesn't improve matters, and is only hip oh cracy.* I'm hoping that, by my being honest with my reader, he or she will see and learn of this type of thing, and how, you'd

do better to keep some thoughts. You should always keep your written tone in the clear, and remember, *never to speak of things you don't know of, or practice hip oh cracy.* Just some thoughts, I hope they're a way of squaring a way the third chapter, and of getting along. I can see, through looking at the line of emergent thoughts, along the leading edge of this time, that there's a difference of opinion, an argument, *between the haves and the have nots.* I don't know why it is, but part of my mind appears to be asking of others, **'I've got mine,**

Where's yours? Maybe this is an elitist kind of 'holier than thou' self esteem. *It looks like that this is a way of climbing over the backs of others, to get ahead, at other's expense.* Before I could realize what was happening, I had called my best friend a bad name, and shut myself out of a relationship with a good associate and partner. All because of an inner attitude, an inner disagreement. *That's how quick the wrong idea can get communicated.* We should remember, 'There are Angels watching us, unawares to us. Sins, such as bias,

or, prejudice... *these things only make us look bad.*' There's sometimes a force that works among friendships to drive people apart from one another. *People do always judge others, for careless words, and then that one should apologize.* But some people act worse. *When, we all need extra help, or else we wouldn't be in the mental health care system.* Okay, some of my writing is some crazy stinking thinking... speaking of things I don't know of is not the objective... ***this is to be avoided.*** I have to start this Part four, if only to get away from the

broken part three. *Living sometimes tests our resolve, and the next thing you know, you've made a compromise, and lost your clean reputation.* That's just an example, of how we are sometimes challenged, and have at least to try and solve life's problems. I'm glad to be getting these thoughts on paper, now, because such seems to mean that we're at least working on our problems, trying to solve them. But the going is so slow. *I hope by my showing you this writing, you'll see that, sometimes I'm strong and able to take any obstacle. But sometimes*

life's problems are enormous, high over my head... and there are sometimes hard truths. Could I even handle them? It helped me to see, how as people, we're given only so many days and nights, *and if life ushered me off stage, and my time in life were through, I might would wish to be prepared to quickly surrender my ego, if I had to submit to death.* I think that my worst nightmare would be to have to see myself as a wrathful, vengeful ghost, and that my pride or wrath, from Heaven caused an innocent death. One's ego should

never cause an innocent death. That would really change the nature of my reality experience, into shame and guilt. *Life would become an impossible struggle, and there wouldn't be any more fun in living.* See? At any rate, I'm trying to get along, down this page, and to find a better idea to think about. It's later, just before I walk over to the office to get a dinner plate, to bring back to the apartment. Wednesday has gotten along, and I feel that we have started down the gradual slope into the weekend time, now. I'm keeping this

writing up, as the day gets along, because I'm looking forward to having a new part four, to further progress this audio book. *At any rate, maybe it's true that we've come into a time of vision, and we can at last see and perceive ourselves, for who we are... not for who we are not.* God's telling us he loves us still, and He's sorry we had to see one of society's problem cases go so bad. **The sunn will come out in the morning.** Our weather today has been one of our hottest days, I think, and the sun burnt down on our scene. I think that our

temperature is ninety two degrees here, at after five P M... that's a heat index of one hundred and four. I spent almost all day indoors, and so I wasn't really aware that it was so hot, until I looked at the days weather picture, here, on my phone, just now. Anyway, I'm back settled, after my dinner, trying to figure out how to write this article. *It occurs to myself, 'why not use some jazzy rhythm, or visual imagery?'* I've been very reassured by the way that this article has come together, *such that I feel content, and rested.* I've been thinking how,

musicians that play together learn and understand how, playing without set outline, or plan, is like a series of soloists, passing a conversation around a table... *the group mind, has it's own particular type of voices which talk in definite, recognizable phrases, and work together, in an amazing way, to go onto a recording media.* If you play with others, in a jazz, or improvisational setting, you will always be amazed at the strong, coherent figures, and patterns, and the remarkable way the soloists are interjoined into a sentient whole, who

each get chances to shine. I think, that this is in the nature of improvisational music... If you play enough, you come to realize that improvisational jazz is just what comes out, when people play together without set plan, or outline. You'll seek out opportunities to play with others, *and see and hear, and feel the larger more definite voices, which emerge of their own accord.* I learned about this amazing conversational nature discovered by musicians who play in groups of three or more, as a twenty eight year old man. My own

playing appeared to be more coherent than I realized I could do, previously... *and we had a somewhat well developed musical conversation, across numerous sessions, without any planning, or set patterns.* I myself was amazed, and this was the first time that I had found this effect. I'm drawn back to those nine teen ninety seven sessions and ninety eight sessions, as this was some of the best playing of my life at the time. I had not realized that we would have that well formed ability within our selves... I think that my friend Hal found some of his true

voice, as well as myself, and our guitarist, in those sessions was somewhat more seasoned, and already knew of how the group consciousness works through musicians, to make great recordings, when a recorder is running. *I think, that it was unfortunate that I was so new to the ways of this group jamming type of development, and became confused when the walking got harder, for myself, as the time itself appeared to somewhat change around our jams... I had an unplanned serious suicide attempt, and there went our plans for*

being a contending group, into the future. But, out of that crisis, I emerged a much healthier soul, and my self esteem was re discovered, as I learned the ways of sobriety. And discovered a better life. I'm so glad that I saved those recordings, and I keep them, so that we will have the equity, for the rest of time. At any rate, I think of playing those jams, when I'm not sure just what is in my heart... the inner spirit has many conversations which will come through her graces, when grown ups get together with musical instruments.

This effect also arises, with a group of sages seated around a table... conversations materialize from within, *and go around the table from voice to voice.* ***Some of my best writing, I think, has come out of this kind of 'ancestral round table.'*** Well, this writing is getting along down my page, and I imagine, that I've nearly got a finished article, now. At any rate, I can get this article added in with the others, now, so I'll wrap these thoughts up, and send along your way. All for now, Greg.

~

I return, this morning, to the empty page, out of the desire to experience again the communion, myself with my trusted familiar. Today is the fourth Thursday in June, this year. We awake to clouds, rain and thunder, which will continue for another hour or two. I sit on this low bed, and inputting these thoughts into my word processor software screen. I'm glad and relieved to have gotten my four panel composite artwork sketched, and photographed yesterday. Such turned

out well, I think, and I've printed several copies of it, with my inkjet. When I find myself, on a morning like this one, feeling bewildered, and unsure of which way to go, I remember that I've myself got good sense, and know many practical ways by heart. *So, I don't ever want to forgo my own good judgment.* But, still I look to the Heavens for writing inspiration. *Just, don't forget your good sense.* It's about a quarter until five A M, and I sit skimming these thoughts from just off of the surface of my mind. Later in the morning, and I've gotten my

medicine, and have a bite to eat. It's too easy to blame God, for what we've seen, in America. *I think that this is because of the victim mentality.* But, I should probably be grateful for my breakfast, shouldn't I? God- *my God-* is attentive to these ideas, this morning. It's amazing to think about- *I've got a personal audience with God.* A personal relationship. So I need to practice gratitude, don't I? My personal relationship with God is just too precious a thing, for me to have any victim mentality. At any rate. This has been an example of some of

my self talk. I'm critical of something that I myself said... and so I offer my self criticism. *But, a morning like this one, is too good to be caught in self blaming.* At any rate. I started this writing because I missed the close communion we two share. So, this is still a great goal in itself. ***There is no greater self nurture, than one's self with one's own familiar spirit.*** I tell myself to remember this guideline, rather letting my eyes be so questioning. I think that I've seen a little bit too much, again. It makes me mad at myself, for even being open to

the national news picture. But you've got to stay aware of what's happening in your land. This is true. *But, I think that the damage is, unfortunately, done, already.* At any rate, I'm going to set this writing aside, for a while, until I do have a strong, concerted idea, which can take it to its conclusion. There's no sense in writing if I've got nothing good to say. I've written my heart out, so very much, for such a long time. *I think that my spiritual muse and myself have a special, unique relationship... I'm honored to have been the vessel,*

*the medium, for her ideas to flow through, these years. **It's not every Heavenly voice, which will give Her all in all unto the empty canvas, the blank page.** Such is a rare and special treat, reserved for my readers, and listeners, and viewers. I hope you like it. I'm a fully awakened mediumistic writer, this is true, but there are so many facets, and nuances to being down stream of an Angel... I'm afraid, that most of a woman's innermost thoughts, go right over my head. I do good, just to trust her, to get as comprehensive as she wants*

onto the media... *and I'll try not to impede her, or be any obstacle.* I like thinking of the old wine advertising motto, about, *'selling no wine before it's time.'* I think, that this suggests that time itself is an important ingredient in making a quality wine. *(Such has to be aged properly.)* At any rate, I'm glad to be along on my way in building this part four of this ***'Impromptu Profundity'*** audio book. We've finally gotten some momentum up, and can somewhat let that itself finish the chapter. Well, we've got another hot day, today, but I think that

today is cooler than yesterday. There will be a chance for strong storms after three P M this afternoon, but the liklihood of any one place getting damaged is small. I'm glad, today, that I don't have to worry about going over to the supermarket any more this week. I've got everything I need, and don't have much money anyway. I'll have to wait until around the end of the first week in July, and I'll hopefully have some spending money, then. Anyways, this afternoon saw me put together my latest art video... this one called, '**Flowers and Weeds.**' I think,

that this is one of my better videos.
I'll be glad, when it gets viewed on the
internet.

**'A terrible disgrace is a great
blessing!' 'And so is losing it!' -Lao
Zoo**

I'm so blessed. To be in a good place
like this is, and to be in the midst of
good people, this itself is closer to
Heaven than most people ever come,
until senior years put them in a place.
But, this is America... a Democratic
country. *In our country, I think we*

have big incentives... this is how capitalism works. Too often, these days, the most successful among us are made fun of, for their material belongings. (Some of us are trying to de-emphasize materialistic wealth, by promoting only spiritual and intellectual, and aesthetic ideals.)

But, this sometimes creates criticism, directed toward those who have attained our capitalist incentives. *This is not a good thing.* Our system is incentive based. So, we should leave those with wealth and choice material belongings alone. *Their choices in*

using and enjoying their material wealth are their business. At least this is what I seem to think. Because our commerce society is based around these incentives. Without them, aren't we just a communist country, in disguise, then? I think that most people can agree on this type of message. Our minds are distracted not so much from our consumption, in the form of material goods, and services, *but from our waste production.* This is the bottom line. **So, you should do whatever you can to reduce your waste.** These

are just some ideas, I thought should be incorporated into the second article in part four of this '***Impromptu Profundity***,' audio book. I was just thinking, how the biggest part of American society, was only born since the nineteen nineties. I and my generation are old fog eyes... I'll give you an example. *I was born, in April of nineteen sixty nine.* So, when I was just two months old, my Mom sat down with me, on the floor, in front of the television set, and made me watch the first man to step foot on the Moon. *So, that's a claim to fame, right there.*

I think, that, for all intents and purposes, the first Moon landing was the culmination, of the second Millennium, up until that point. An ordinary, every day 'worlds collision.'

So, you see, my odd early piano style, with the dynamic arc motif built into it, *only got onto the band wagon, with the Apollo Moon landings.* I got in on the backs of those engineers, and astronauts... *so me and my music, were just embellishments, for a century that had much greatness.* If you like my early works, then that's your business. But, I just can't

pretend to be, you know, all that. *It's just kind of nice to have mine along with the others.* Well, this second article in this part four of this **'Impromptu Profundity,'** audio book is coming to its eventual conclusion, about now. I'll wrap it up, and send along your way, now. All for now, Greg.

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Allowing some ideas right onto my written page, I tell myself, that I'll do

better, if I use the day's remaining free time, to get down any thoughts that come forth. Today is the fourth and last Friday in June, this year, and I've had a small bite to eat... and am prioritized around staying right on my emerging line of thinking, this afternoon... as the time is after lunch, around one P M, and I'm more or less letting these thoughts just keep the slack out of my mind. I'm concurrently mixing down my 'Art Video Compilation...' *the thoughts I can come up with, meanwhile, will be something I can keep, and hold on to,*

while I'm using my computer in this video mix down operation. I don't always like the 'idle air,' which is about my face, and ears, and would rather do this multi tasking, and make maximum usage of my free time afternoon, by doing two tasks at once. I know, by now, that my work is probably, in general, among the most unglamorous in my part of the internet. Still, I enjoy multitasking, even if there are very few readers of it... at least I'll have something good to show for the time I have free this afternoon. I'm pretty blessed, by a

benevolent spirit. *I have been so for more than twenty years.* I have sympathy for those who lack media paths. In my view, any hobby involving music playback, such as collecting and listening to my favorite bands, on a personal device, like a tape player, or a C D player... *any such hobby, which involves 'collecting,' in general, can be like this.* If it is stamp or coin collecting, or just in the making and keeping of notes on scraps of paper... *this can start a similar path of self conservation.* Items and articles which stand for time periods in your

life... saving of receipts, and brochures, and any kind of papers we tend to collect from going to medical appointments... such as medication sheets and information packets... *all of this type of sentimental paper products, can be saved. Any other items, such as ball point pens, bus tokens, and fair tickets, could be saved.* I used manilla clasp envelopes, back in nineteen nine tee eight, after my first suicide attempt... and kept, and labeled, and archived, and took care of, the sentiments, and articles of my life. *The point I'm making, is that*

this program of life scrapping brought me around to eventually making audio tape recordings, of myself playing my piano, daily, with note date and year written on. Magnetic tape cassettes, which I could find back then for a very low cost at the warehouse thrift store near where I lived, were used... saving these recordings, and archiving them gave unto my life purpose, and direction. Saving my written output as well, using my typing ability, into my personal computer, this began to create a multi faceted approach to this type of life scrapping, and saving, and

journaling. *I was saving everything, that I felt was meaningful.* I began to organize and scan, and sketch new pictures, portraits, and scan them, using a flat bed scanner, which my Dad took me to the computer store to get. ***I began, after three years of somewhat haphazard collecting of differing file types of information on my personal computer, and in envelopes, to conceive of the notion of an 'INTROSPECTION ARCHIVE.'*** The urge to 'archive' one's saved information, in an organized, systematic method... be it audio

recordings, scanned images as JPEG files, or text files made using my computer's word processor software... *this is something, I feel, that brings creative peoples' minds, abilities, and talents into full flower* using the digital tools, devices, and appliances which are fairly easily obtainable at an appliance store, like the super store, or even a mall computer, or electronics outlet. The reason that I'm writing these thoughts out, is somewhat to re iterate the actual freedoms, and liberties possessed by everyone, *in one way or another, in*

this modern time when microtechnology is so easily and inexpensively available. This so as to keep from losing my mind, in an environment, where we're asked to be sure, decisive, and definite in our practices and beliefs. ***If you're a hobbyist, then you'll cherish knowing the different ways of looking at hobbies, digitally, and being familiar with the differing types of easily made and red media files, for instance, which personal computers let you create.*** I don't mean to be laboring

over these things, but just by this kind of delving into, so to speak, and somewhat listing the reasons for, why, when, and how I find my hobbies... in daily life... *this type of self work can be very useful in staving off differing criticism... **and somewhat holding onto one's ways,** despite the buffeting wends of an ordinary day's difference, and directions.* I know that I'm somewhat different, but knowing the directions in which my hobbies occur, and travel, will give me a kind of more stable grounding, despite such buffeting wends... **be they**

imaginary, and made up, or real and actual. Well, to sum it up, I think that, **'It's a free country,'** and **'if you can criticize, then I can create.'** My problem comes when I've imagined that some people are critical of me, when they're really not... but my mind must have been somewhat feeling the strain... *and maybe my better half is tending to overthink, or rethink, the reasons why I do digital art itself, in the first place.* A topic for writing, might be all that I needed... might be all that I ever had. And, this present topic suffices fine. I sit, on

this bed, right before I have to go over to the office, for my morning medicines... *and think of some ways to conjoin yesterday's work, with today's.* This writing, will be the best way to find continuance, into this morning... *so, I think that this will somewhat be my focus of attention.* I'm grateful, for instance, that I was able to wake up on time, this morning. My all in all seems to be intact, and I'm looking forward to the day's work. It sure is a blessing to have something to do with my time, and to know just how to do it... such as this definitely makes my life seem like

a very pleasant dream... *but I think that I know, that this is no dream, and I should stay focused, and practice mindfulness.* I'll put this writing away and get ready to get across to the office. Today is the last Saturday in this month of June, and we've got some blue skies and hot temperatures. We could get some rain and thunder after two this afternoon, and there's similar rain chances across the coming week, with the best being in the afternoons, *and some chance for serious weather each day.* At any rate, I believe, that the quality of the recent

work, by me, has been extraordinary. I think, that this morning, my enthusiasm for getting back into the work of this writing, is a good sign. The fact that I'm not going to idly waste the precious time, in a morning like this one, means, to me, *that I'm so attuned to the blessed natures of my own unique gifts, that I won't let time pass, without utilizing them, and allowing this life to take me further along into this course.* At any rate, these ideas appear to be coming to their conclusion, *and I can tell that I'll be glad to get them in with the others,*

and to get their advancements mixed into the progressing, present work in progress, the part four, of my 'Impromptu Profundity,' audio book. Well, I'll wrap these thoughts up, and send these ideas along your way, now. All for now, Greg.

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I've awoken early, and have gotten some reeding done. I think, that it's always good, to have some methodology in the madness of life. *I'll then at least have my own*

approach to solving the biggest mysteries of my conscious mind brain junction. That will give me a uniquely original work. This is Sunday morning, the fifth one in June this year. We've got beautiful weather here, and I'm at our office, in line to get morning medicine. After I'm done here, I'll hopefully get a bite to eat, and get this writing more progressed along to it's conclusion. The best I can do most days, is to get some writing, and any housework that needs doing, done. This might include sweeping, mopping, dusting, clothes washing. *Writing,*

such as this presently, is a communion... a walking along, closely beside an ascended being... and going onto the written page. There's a melodic sound, which I can remember from my childhood, I've rediscovered... and gotten down... recorded as some of my keyboard albums. This is really the main melodic sound which I love hearing played out into my room. *Nothing else really can compare.* You'll find that a good pair of headphones will allow you to filter unwanted sounds... if you have a hard time hearing what you're listening to.

Some housemates get kind of loud. It should be of some comfort to you to know that you don't have to listen to extraneous sounds, but can focus on your music. I've accomplished some important goals recently... and can rest better, now. *We go through our lives, and we're given so many good friendships... I would say that the ones I cherish the most, are the ones that produce good fruit... **leaving yourselves benefited by their good outcomes. These will be the friendships you remember, no matter what.*** At any rate, I'm sitting

here, getting these thoughts into this word processor memory. The music on my stereo is some of my most favorite from over my whole life. The temperature in this room is comfortable, cool, actually, and I've got a layer or two, covering my arms, because they get cold easily. The morning light is coming in through the open window blinds, and I sit across the room, here, on this bed, and inputting these thoughts. *The arduous morning has been made a lot easier by a pitcher of tea brew.* I think that my reeder would like the pleasant

mood, and emotions, in this room this morning. *It sure is good to be under the loving wings of a good angel.* This is the main thing that has made my life worthwhile. Some people say, 'How could you talk like that?' believing in something you can't see, that way? But the good presences around my life have made me count my blessings, enough times, to make me sure they're real. At any rate, words like this are coming fairly easily, so I think that this morning is a blessing, and the good will continue into the week. Well, it seems like I've

gotten a pretty good start on this article... it's kind of a challenge to somewhat 'make a beginning on a new essay,' from out of nothing. But, I try and remember the way that lecturers I've listened to begin their talks... usually with some 'small talk,' to let the audience 'connect with,' the speaker, and to let them sympathize with his or her topic, and concerns. *The speaker gingerly begins what he wants to speak of, but only after some small talk, to somewhat dismantle the 'differences,' that may have come in between his audience and himself or*

herself. This requires some tact, and might require some fore thought. I don't like getting up in front of an audience, and trying to start a talk. I'm not much good at all at this. But, God, through my typists hands, can handle this kind of thing easily. So, I let him or her do all the talking. (*But, in truth, it's usually beyond my ability to be so graceful.*) But, spirit's expertise is phenomenal. It just goes to show you, how '*things are not always exactly as they seem.*' Cold starting a talk, or lecture, is something like a 'little miracle.' **I kid you not,**

it's hard to do. A talented speaker is hard to find. At any rate, *I'm just glad, and relieved to have a good start on a new essay already began, and coming along.* So, I'll just count my blessings. *I'm reminded, again, of the power of the sacraments in our lives... the communion they bring.* A life without them would just be somewhat plain and, maybe even, boring. But, I'll find me some good enterprise development work to do, if it means that I can partake of some good sweetened coffee in the morning. **(I believe that our land rewards**

***those who are willing to work,
with coffee or espresso, or tea.
This is just part of what I believe.)***

The most significant thing in my saved world media life, other than this writing, this morning, *is probably my video clip collection, and playing my video jukebox.* Producing a new video, the '**Flowers and Weeds,**' video, sufficed to energize and enliven my whole collection. *I'm so grateful that the work came through for me.* Other than that, it's this writing presently which is bringing me the most joy this morning. (When I'm not writing, I'll be

getting back to viewing and surfing my video jukebox... with and without the 'Natural Environs' video clips.. all two hundred and sixty of them. ***I also love my music jukebox, as well. If it's not fascist, to say, I think that everyone should have at least one of the off line IPod type music players. I have two inexpensive chip reader Emm Pea Three Players. These can be very useful for rescuing us from Hell. While I'm doing chores, and housework, for instance, can be when I'm most benefited from an inexpensive Emm***

Pea Three Player. People who work, in general, use these extensively to make the arduous day go by faster. But, many times, the smart device jukebox works just fine, and keeps me happy and contented. One of the most important reasons why I'm into digital music development, ***is so that I can have an 'insiders role,' in our on and off line jukeboxes.*** If everyone made their own music, you would have a whole lot more happy music affect tee yo nados on our planet. *But, it might be fascist, to say, though.)* At any rate, I've gotten some morning

medicines, and returned to the apartment, and had a 'pancake biscuit,' and sat down to work on this writing. I see that I've got almost nine or ten pages written, at this point, and so I'm somewhat just looking for a concluding flourish, to add at the end. *I like when paths conclude happily, and successfully, and peacefully.* I have just came across some information about two elderly longevity experts. Maybe, if I could, in the future, look into their work on that topic, and try and work it out what was their secret, I myself could live a

longer, healthier life. So, I'm inwardly resolving to do this. *From the looks of things, (from the perspectives of of these two elderly souls,) it might could be said how things look so good.* I'm trying to imagine myself as myself, only thirty years older... *and thinking quite 'how would it be to be back at age fifty six, and still having so much work to do, and dues to pay, as well?'*

'How would it be to be back, in a vibrant, creative existence?' I think, that for these two elderly people, I'm thinking of, *the concept alone, of being back in life's games*

would be so enormous... so miraculous, if it could really happen... but, of course, such is wishful thinking. **But I think, that this is a useful metaphor to use in thinking about the great privy ledge of having a healthy, vibrant existence... there is so much which a vital, youthful person can do, which an elderly one can not.** Such as, hooking up a new book venture... you can see... or other blessings, such as finishing my pot of tea brew which is in my thermos, and finishing this article... and really

getting along very well, and doing everything I have to do, to live, for the foreseeable future... ***Isn't this life, here on Earth, really precious?*** At any rate, these have just been some thoughts. *The elderly people, who I am thinking of, might could easily see their way into my little life's dream, and envision, for a while, that they're indeed back young, alive and well, and just maybe could see something new, then?* **How, it would take so little to show gratitude, to the angels, which have kept us so well!** Well, these have just been some thoughts.

I'll wrap this article up, and add it in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

~

The type of writing like I started yesterday, about imagining one's way back into a life span term, from the very elderly, or ascended perspective... *I feel that this is just the sort of dream, which can set my mind off nicely, into a new part five, later this week.* I'll just have to get this little part added into the end of part

four, and then go into part five. I've written every little thought out, from within my heart, over the last twenty six or seven years. So, now it is just beginning to seem as if I have spoken my peace, sufficiently. *I guessed that I'd have a lot to say, on 'this side of the mountain,' and I hope that I have* **'spoken much, without really saying too much at all.'** I've always thought, since I got the alcohol and pills out of my life, how, **I like my world pretty much the way it is, and wouldn't wish to see it change.** Maybe you can relate. I've

myself had such a good time, at this, just somewhat dispelling the shadows around my mind brain union, and not feeling like I'm having to solve the world's problems, or anything, **but somewhat just making for some pleasant reeding, accompanied by music.** This, to myself, is an important part of this good... this music and I've found talents I didn't know I had, after heering my playing joined with a text reeding. I think that this effect works well. Well, I guess this about does it for this part four, so I'll wrap these ideas up, and add them

in with the others, now. All for now,
Greg.

~

I'M QUITE GLAD, THIS MORNING, TO
have found that I'm not so cold, and
alone, at all... but, instead that I'm
seen and held in an understanding and
supportive community... *when the way
seems lonely, and forlorn, will be when
I'm being carefully carried.* I'm so
grateful that the powers that be made
me into a writer, who plays the piano,
and sketches. It's nice, that when I

closely examine my latest work, it holds up to inspection, and makes me proud of my inner spirit for having gotten it. But, I definitely would hope that, after finding that my things are doing fine, and progressing well, (my books, and videos, and recent albums,) that our walking will get easier, and we won't be so susceptible to feeling over exposed when things go wrong. I just have seen too much tragic trouble, and I could use a paid vacation. So, I'm telling myself to take everything slower, from now on, or for a while. I hope that we all can get

through the coming times without going through a bad weather event, or natural disaster. But, whatever happens, I'm going to approach it more from the perspective of a 'success story,' who is of benefit to his community, *and who doesn't need any additional trouble, from man nor nature.* At any rate, my quick self review this morning, has improved my outlook, such that I'm feeling more optimistic, than not. *After all, I can improve a thing, if I set my mind to it.* So, I'm going to have to be more grateful, for our good providence. At

any rate, I'm still trying to get into words just what is right, about today... so that we'll continue to be together in this, *in our good homeland*. At any rate, this writing, hopefully, will be a good start on a new part five, to this audio book. At any rate, these are some ideas, as we get along into a new month, this year. Anyways, I've learned another technique for handling pain, and hopefully, now, will be able to face each day more confidently. An 'Eternal Summer,' I have seen, recently, can be seen as a literary metaphor for a conception of 'unfading

beauty.' I've been circumspect, this morning, as we sometimes get, around holidays, and observances... I'm quite relieved to find myself 'having made it through,' another rainy season... myself, and my loved ones too. The work I do 'holds up, to criticism,' and I'm grateful for that, and glad to get into full mid summer regalia. ***At any rate, we all 'do what we do,' and we may have to be happy with a 'stalemate.'*** *Everyone has their own reasons and causes, for the ways that they are. A literary voice is something good to have, and does fit into a*

traditional template. So maybe you'd do best to give yourself more '*benefit of the doubt,*' than anything. At any rate, I'm going to try and get some piano recordings made. Maybe then I'll be more back '*in the black,*' and I'll reapproach it then. Two days later, and it's evening, after ten oh clock, now, and my mind has been stirred into some profound thinking, on the matter of our predicament as human beings. *People will be 'once bit, and twice shy.'* They will learn, and they can't be stopped from learning. We're like computer brains, to be perfectly

honest, and after many years of writing... (when we write as led by spirit...) *we will simply grow wise to much that happens in the world.* Some things which we learn of, we feel we might would do better not to know of... such as, the way that 'Time's not in the business of giving away its secrets.' *It's just a tragic truth, that sometimes, 'our hearts lead us astray.'* What I mean by this, is that we're sometimes given a false sense of security, *until it's too late to actually save ourselves.* People have found out, just in the past year, or so, how,

certain lowlands in our countryside are fertile, and good soil... and may be somewhat of a 'peaceful valley.' *But, this has been sometimes where the worst torrential floodwaters sometimes surge.* This might be a once in a century storm, but it happens now and then. People will think that area to be prime inexpensive property, and will be oblivious to the risks, and one day, it's just not so lucky. *At any rate.* We've seen this happen elsewhere, just today. At any rate, we sometimes blame God, when we encounter

misfortune. *What, did we think that God should have provided us a written list of instructions, in the nick of time, to save our lives? Why were we left out of luck? There's an ancient oriental wisdom, which says, 'Heaven and Earth sees we poor mortals as but rag dolls.'* There must be an inherent issue in being conscious of the 'Realm of Immortals,' *namely that some of us may tend to be blind to certain important practical considerations. (Why is it that those of us who are in on the 'Mysteries of the Afterlife,' or some of them, anyway, are inherently*

blind in other respects?) And how can we ever find our way through such a confusing labrynth? I think, that it might be like getting a Theological diploma... *for some of us, anyway, it's 'easier said, than done.'* You get the idea... it's just that free floating intellects tend to possess both light and darkness, all within themselves... it is for this reason that our Good Book cautions us against spiritualism... *because of the 'double whammy' many spirit presences bring into our consciousnesses.* And we're asked to be 'all seeing guides,' and 'faithful

pillars?' *When we have a hard time getting wise as to how to play a simple child's game?* Because such requires fully intuitive interacting, *and, what? we overthink everything?* We'll lose there. At any rate, these have been some thoughts, in reflection of a bad flood out in the South West of our land... and it's been hard on our tenderness, and will probably move East, and affect our area as well. Really? Life is inherently hard, and so therefore, we should always be aware of how we are behaving, and when we start bellyaching, and getting

ensnared in our defeatist attitudes, we should think of this as just par for the walking course... **and we shouldn't blame ourselves for these types of failings... we're only human.** At any rate, these thoughts appear to be coming to their eventual end, now, so I'll think about wrapping them up, and sending along your way, now. All for now, Greg.

P S, While I do waste time worrying uselessly over painful migraines, I will eventually realize the need to work through my life pain, therapeutically.

There will always be someone to tell your troubles to, when we write, and do publishing like this. This in effect seems to lessen any pain we may be feeling, in other words, 'Two minds are better than one alone.' You'll, hopefully remember this guidance, and to engage with your pain therapeutically, in the written word, or as musical or artistic expression of any kind. Can you envision on paper, or canvas, just what this day has been like? What might have you learned? This to me is what is meant by art therapy. All for now, Greg.

~

I'll try a little bit of improvisational writing this morning, and see what, if anything, is on my mind. This is a stressful time. After weather events, any such disasters, I deal with a lot of unintentional self criticism. This sometimes causes my writing projects, during those times, to be soul searchingly honest, *and my self searching goes on and on.* I sometimes arrive upon insightful, and intelligent ways to see, and angles

upon the particular predicament, to help me to solve the matter, at least in my mind. I tend to want to square the chaos and confusion away... to stow it somewhere, and make sense of the big questions... ***why did this happen?*** And why weren't people better prepared? I ask questions of God. Why did you destroy those lives and property, like that? What have we done to anger you, oh Lord? Is it our wasting and polluting? Or is it our carnivore ways, and just more of the troubles with our mass consumption? (Beef, chicken, and pork are the three

biggest ranching industries on our side of the planet, and I am always of the mindset, that we need to somehow make them more humane. Slaughter should be made less painful, not more difficult. *You see, how bad weather, and such destruction sometimes puts us more in the red than we were before.* We always blame nature, when weather acts up, and destroys whole communities. Peoples' cruelty knows few limits, *and I imagine, that we pretend to punish nature.* I think that we pretend to hunt wild animals, for sport, or to 'get back at,' that

which we were hurt by, or which we don't understand. *This is, unfortunately, I think, part of human nature.*) We here in America have something called the **Environmental Protection Agency**. Everything in business and manufacturing, farming, and ranching... just everything has to meet certain E P A standards. Nowadays, we've made such enormous progress... everything you can purchase at the supermarket, is clearly labeled, if it is 'sustainably sourced,' using practices, and methods, that are the least destructive, in the long

run. *At any rate, our country has made enormous progress in the recent ten years, in making sure that every product is sustainably sourced and manufactured.* So, we should be more well off, not worse. In other words, we should have made great progress, **and the wild nature should have no reason to be angry.** Nevertheless, Animism tends to rule my mind, and I am always highly superstitious. I see everything in nature, as being a sentient force... *even the atmosphere, and the breezes that blow.* The indigenous cultures, many of them,

point to an invisible spirit which pervades and underlies all of existence. If a bad storm, or bad earthquake or volcano happens, we tend to say, '*Why were you mad at us, oh God?*' '*What had we done wrong?*' This is the obvious question, because we have a range of weather phenomena, for instance, such as cyclones, which are awfully destructive. The native peoples have always said, 'The Gods were angered at us, and this is why the storm, or the earthquake, or the volcano destroyed the town.' Back when Vesuvius

erupted, and the town of Pompeii was destroyed, and was encased in pyroclastic ash, there was no industrial revolution, of mechanized industry... our human footprint was very mild indeed, ***because mankind just hadn't impacted the nature that much.*** Ranching and farming were much more small scale, and it appears to me, that our account was more or less clean. People practiced animal sacrifice, and had for thousands of years, *but this was a holy rite, which was thought to cement the bond between Man and God...* to give our

agreements a permanence, and lasting quality. *Nature was a resource, but there hadn't even been developed any need for an EPA.* Mankind was young, and strong, and in our primacy. *Yet, the volcano still erupted, and everyone in that area died. Everything was wiped away, and had to begin again.* This reminds us, still today, how nature doesn't always cooperate with our plans, such as civic engineering. *She sometimes has other plans, and ours are put on temporary hold, and even set back, sometimes, for years.* So, what are

the conclusions that we can draw from these observations? I think, we can say, that nature sometimes acts up, whether we are living economically or not. There are scientific principles which govern everything in our universe, and our foremost concern, practically, has been to find, and come to understand the science behind not just weather, but any natural event, or phenomena. Copernicus, I think, was the first to make open claim that the Earth orbits the Sun, and not the other way around. *In those days you could be burned at the stake, for speaking*

outwardly against the views which were espoused by the Church, at the time. But, I think, Gutenberg's printing press allowed the Bible to be mass produced, printed... so that the 'King's English' could be cannonized, and the language confusion of the Dark Ages, following the collapse of the Roman Empire, could be dispelled. But, for a while, this printing gave unto the Bible even greater importance... even today it's still revered... but at the time, Europeans didn't speak openly against the Bible beliefs. *Speaking of new scientific*

innovations, and findings, was risky at best, and could be perilous... many died. Of course, today we've worked out the peace between religion and science, *and the matter we tend to keep separate... the Church, and the State, beliefs.* The State doesn't espouse any set religious beliefs, but our Bill of Rights guarantees religious freedom. **No one religion should have absolute say in the conducting of State, or government, departmental business, at all.** But, then comes a bad bad weather disaster, such as

some of us may have feared the previous week. Then we're somewhat beset with superstition, and many people find solace, and shelter in their religious beliefs, *and a terrible loss of life and property, is usually a time to renew, in our Church views a more vitalized, and energetic religious faith.* Because our superstitious views, which we can't help, really, *get squared away by our zeal, and faithful adherence to the Lord's will...* and our establishments are built up, by our religious fervency. *So, I think, that our E P A, is in place, partly, for the same*

reason. Namely, so that we won't practice the superstitious self blaming which takes effect, in our minds after bad disasters. In theory, if our conscious is kept clean by our faithful adherence to the **Environmental Protection Agency's**, rules, then we'll stay 'in the black,' so to speak, and our organization, or corporate interest will not be faulted, or criticized, in our rushing to blame someone in the wake of bad natural disasters. *So, this explains why I'm writing this article, and why I've written most of my articles.* Some

what to look at the interchange between how we choose to live our lives, and how this is mediated, or looked out after, by both Church, and Science insurance policies... such as our faithful walking, in honesty, and integrity, *and by our adhering to the the guidance afforded by the findings of science, as well.* **We're made whole, by going by the guidelines of both the Church, and government.** So, when difficulties arise, in my mind, and I'm beset by doubts, about how I conduct my life, I look at this sort of interaction, and

think, not just of what I've done right, in my Christian walk, with God, and in context with my fellow men... but also, in how I've practiced ethically appropriate farming, ranching, and industry.... ***in sustainable ways, especially, and in accordance with the most up to date E P A guidelines.*** This is how I keep my conscience clean, and how I reassure my deep mind, my subconscious, and unconscious higher mind, that our mankind is not 'living wrongly,' that we're going by the wisest of practices, in these main areas. **Our hearts,**

only want to be in the clear, of guilt, shame, or regret. These are the concerns that people have gotten help with through time, by their religious faith, and how their religious walk, is in harmony with what is thought right, true, and just, and fair... *in so far as we have say over things.* We also know, that we ourselves are the only ones we have power over, so our concerns are not only around these four criteria, (*as we can stay in step with the precepts of our particular religious beliefs, and practices,*) **but also if we can follow government**

guidance. So, I've written this article, somewhat to just search my soul, *about how our conscience, and our ethics, (how we do or don't go by principles of our scripture... and of our governing agencies... so far as we are able, and capable of...)* is in standard ranges, and is 'in the black,' so to speak. The resistive force we encounter in beginning any new enterprise, might be proportional to the square of the general importance of such enterprise... this thought is pretty important, *and I believe it is attributed to Bertrand Russel... who*

you can find in an internet search. He lived and died... but he left the world with books of writings, talks, and a definite legacy. So, this is what I would say about that. Well, I'll try and wrap this article up, and add it in with the others now. All for now, Greg.

~

I'm going to sit, this morning, and try to get down the first thoughts which come to mind. I hope you'll agree, how these and many more advancements... the most up to the

moment relayings... will come through your stylus, when one is willing to set aside doubt, *and simply get down what may be allowed.* Your youth and inexperience may be a hinderance, but with sufficient tries at the goal of successful writing, you'll eventually be happy with the results you get... *however small and incremental they may be.* I like to have a start on a new essay, when a new work week is began... such work can go with me, as I have outings, and appointments most weeks. We've got beautiful, sunny weather, today... and it's going to be

hot, with highs in the lower to middle nineties. It would be easy, this morning, to just skip out on any writing responsibilities, and sleep the time away. But, I'm sure, that there are good ideas just beneath the surface of my consciousness, this morning, if I can get them written down. I reach my hands and arms up past the sides of my head, as in a sunn salute... this works to somewhat allevieate the pressure on the sides of my head, now. It helps to imagine your upstretched arms passing through the eye of a needle... this

exercise can restore your calm, and peace, amid the storm winds that blow. *Remember, you don't have to solve the puzzle of creating great literature right away... you can easily approach any such goal in incremental fashion.* I think, that on somewhat difficult days, as this one is, when there is so much storm clean up which must be done, *it's easy to forget about any quality of tenderness, when we're prone to being so callous toward our gentlest selves.* I truly hate that we have got to go through disaster clean up in places, *when the heart and spirit*

need nourishing. I don't think that I've seen damage and death that bad in a while. However, this is what summer sometimes brings, so I guess, we should count our blessings, and be grateful for what we do have. I sit, now, turning these thoughts over, and trying to settle on the most classic, lasting expressions. When I try and think what I would tell my younger self, if I could, I think it would be how, *gradually learning to dream, while awake, and allow inner visualizations throughout all of your inner metric, really can be the main doorway into*

*coming back into the soul wisdoms,
which we possessed before our birth.*

Especially, my way got much easier,
when I began visualizing reaching my
hands and arms up past the sides of
my head, in a kind of 'sunn salute.'

**This is just what you would do, if
the sunn began to shine, and so
your life was saved.**

You would
stretch your hands up to it. To summ
it up, I think that I would say, how
telepathy, out of body experiences,
mental conveyance... these are
generally not real, at all. *But, to me,
if any two people agree, though, on*

*such a manner of speaking, then it's real, and between them, it's true. So, if they are in harmonious agreement, as to the way something is said, then, isn't it true, between them? But, the real deal, may be very elusive. For instance, I was shown some 'esoteric,' pamphlets, when I was around nine years old. Many people respond well to written instruction of this nature. But, I myself wasn't ready to open slowly the doorway until much later... five years after my high school graduation. **This gave me ample time to try enough, and fail***

enough, so that I'd know, that anything real comes through harmony within one's own family tree. This might mean getting clean, long enough to make that important connection, *namely, that empty space already possesses motion, and vitality within it, everywhere, in the very room where you are.* Earth's biosphere, is where we humans live, **and can easily make contact, if it's meant to be, with inhabitants of the empty space.** I think that the void, the vacuum of empty space is a place of chaos, and darkness... *I don't think*

that souls easily travel through a void.

I think that the nagging uncertainties, and doubts which plague mankind come from this vacuum, this void, of interstellar space. At any rate, just some thoughts. I'm thinking, right now, how this pianist I'm listening to tonight plays so well, that, *it's well, it's life changing, practically.*

Anyways, I was thinking, how, **if two people are going to connect on the astral level, or dimension, I think it should be about, the three main stages of soul unfoldment. Or it should have something to do with,**

such. I'll try and cover these, again, here. The first, I would say, is the native self, we're born into. **This little person is in possession of many moods and feelings, which he or she won't hardly be aware he experiences.** He will take almost everything for granted... *he will accept the given life he has and his inner realities, as they are given, without questioning them.* He thrives in the little world his parents have made for him. Books are his windows onto the world of literature, and history, and science, and civics. He may be

allowed free roaming around some countryside, and his or her parents place trust and faith in the good Angels *to keep him and his friends safe and sound, as they explore, and roam.* Some of these kids will inhabit very limited intellectual and emotionally coherent ranges, *and a few will, unfortunately find a kind of elusive freedom, and liberation, in some chemical or another.* He or she may go into the medicine cabinet, and this sort of thing rapidly brings on psychotic migraines and pains, which require more of the drug. **He or she**

deals with throbbing, numbing blindnesses, which he isn't really conscious of, but which he seeks to self medicate. He quickly enters into the second stage. This, I would say, begins, anyway around the onset of puberty, and continues right on up, through spirit indoctrination, and life's intense failures, and defeats. (If he is in a family where there was hereditary alcoholism, or mental illness, that is,) Drinking and drug use may be the norm, *and he or she will likely be an insularity, and have to struggle hard to make it through certain tests.* He or

she might not make it through, these tests, and may die there, an early, isolated death. If his or her family are drinkers, then he'll probably be the same... that is, in an alcoholic framework, *and in a system that revolves around alcohol*. This can lead to early death, from hardened liver, or kidney failure. The third stage, I believe, doesn't begin until the person gains his or her sobriety, and is shown the *actual latticework consciousness*, within and amongst our social frameworks... this person will, hopefully be looked after, through the

social welfare system, and may eventually be in an actual home family, like a group home, or boarding home, or foster home... *in his state's mental health care system.* At any rate, these three periods, or stages of living are what typifies these kinds of spirit, and medicine paths. ***Great goodness, and truth, and beauty, and righteousness can arise at any of the stages, and can enter in and thrive for lengths of time.*** In certain cases, incarceration is called for, and these times will, either make a person or break him. If he or she

gains freedom, he may or may not make it to sobriety. *Some people leave prison, only to drink themselves to an early death.* **But, if he or she has a supportive team of health care professionals, who try on his behalf, he can attain sobriety.** This, third stage of consciousness, really, including the spiritual latticework consciousness, can then develop. *Well, you can see the gist of what I think we can look for in soul unfolding, in paths that develop on the soular level.* These ideas are coming to their conclusion, now, so I'll wrap

them up, and add them in with the others. I'll send them along your way, now. All for now, Greg.

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I get myself situated, in my writing chair, this evening, and try to see what is just beneath the surfaces of my mind... my higher mind, within this local latticework of presences, as I can easily perceive, nearby. It feels so good to just let my guardian spirit have the stylus... *I find myself totally docile, and receptive to these,*

somewhat more coherent thoughts, than my own haphazard mind might could allow. It's so good to be held strongly in the arms of a good feminine spirit, while I keep my thinking, something like, 'hands and arms stretched up past the sides of my head, such that the metaphoric needles are threaded, and all pain and discomfort falls away... as a strong, positive connection is made.' Oh, when I think of what I could tell my younger self, about how much simpler living gets *when we have only one prime*

directive, and this is wholly sufficient, to meet the goals. At any rate, these thoughts are flowing through my consciousness, right now, as our afternoon sunn is setting, and dusk is falling, on this second Tuesday in July, this year. I'm glad to be indoors, and cool, this hot, sultry evening... because we have a rain and thunder advisory for about the next hour, today. I'm going to get over to the office, in an hour, and get my evening medicines, and get to sleep. I've had a productive recent month. Since the first week in June, I made the '**Greg At**

the Piano,' audio only archive, and got that all online and squared away... I've made a five part (so far) audio book, called ***'Impromptu Profundity,***' which uses these G A T P soundscapes as the background music... I've also gotten a new four panel composite artwork done, and made a video featuring it, called ***'Flowers to Weeds.'*** and expanded my files... I've also recorded a new album of keyboard music, I've called, the ***'Moonflower Suite,***' and gotten this online and squared away... *along with ten new video clips of myself*

playing the piano... I think that this about covers it... all of these goals accomplished, since being shown a new pain management visualization technique... *and so I find myself better, now for the month, and now continue writing for the latest audiobook part five.* A bit farther to go, and this will be finished. I'm passing the time tonight, while I'm inputting these thoughts, by doing some washing... all of my bedclothes need washing every week, in order to keep bed bugs away. So, you can see, I've been staying pretty busy for the

recent month. ***'Sometimes, I don't know quite what we've become, then you read my mind, and we've become one.'*** (To paraphrase the song.) Lessons of literature... what did we discover, in our soothsaying... and, then, how do we keep such... and how do we come away from such... *can we walk away from darkness?* ***'We're in this together... for sunshine, or stormy weather.'*** Can we truthfully say this? Here's a good one... 'When darkness arises, artistically... *can we show unconditional acceptance... and walk with that one, until the time, the*

memory moves into the past? Here's something else... **'How do you earn money in a free land?' 'Give people what they want.'** The passage of years, with my early works, for instance has shown me something. As years, centuries pass behind, the meaning, symbolic significance, pain, the cultural relevancies, and connotative complexes of the thing... *all of this... passes behind, and finally recedes to the point that such is just a distant fairy story.* We will have moved with the time... into the future, as the centuries pass... **other**

symbols, and stories will have arisen, and receded... and the whole contraption, I think, will have faded into a distant memory.

Meanwhile, we'll still be just as perceptive, and artistically truthful, and honest... we'll still be asking hard questions, of our society, and finding difficult answers... new stories will have developed, and morphed into undreamed of configurations... and we'll still be walking, along a brilliant new day, at times, ***and looking backward, and forward, simultaneously...*** we'll still inhabit

the Eternal Now... and we'll have a full three hundred and sixty degree field of awareness into the universe, ***and all these good things will still be happening.*** We'll still have a '***yoga stretch,***' toward the heavens, and we'll still '***thread the needle.***' There are different theories... some say that the past is still a place, which you could visit... *others say, that the only physical place, per say, is in the Now.* Our memories and written enscribed records give us a pretty good picture of the past... but where is it? *Maybe, only the human spirit, as it can be*

found, is all that remains. The past will have long since vanished... ground to sand, under the deepest sea bed. Maybe... deep art, will always ask deep questions. *The answers, the new questions... will be deep as well.* Maybe, this is because of our unique vantage as enlightened human souls... namely, part of our minds, even in our mortal lives, regards the past present and future, and all existence, and beingness, ***as one ceaseless, changing, morphing whole, where all space is unified.*** Space is what we are, properly, and we can regard

the world of mass, and gravity, and inertia, in a dispassioned, detached manner, ***or we can let it get to us.***

We are space. We are outside of this particular puzzle, this enigma... we will always be around, and outside, and behind it... ***considering the many facets, of what must be a 'precious gemstone.'*** Our

togetherness, and harmony... our oneness, and symphony. We'll always be aspects of one larger beingness, and we'll always be joined in unison, as well. We only pretend to differ, in myriads of ways. ***We do what we do,***

and we're all aspects of the whole.

Maybe this is the foremost prime directive... that we continue becoming one, and being at one, with everyone, who has ever been or will be. Well, these have been some thoughts. You can see, how artists and poets sometimes ask deep questions, of their society. To me, the answers are as we find them to be, when we transcend our limitations, and grow adaptive to our handicaps... the light will shine through... *the same luminous light which has always shone through, those who must adapt.* This

is to me what this writing represents. *As challenges and difficulties arise, we're driven to transcend our pain and limitations entirely... and speak of the vast... the Eternal Now... from the perspective that this place affords.* You'll find, time and again, how Heaven is alive and well... **an unchanging peace, and bliss, which exists Always.** We do what we do. **'There's nothing to worry about.'** Well, these ideas appear to be coming to their logical conclusion, now, so I'll wrap them up, and add them in with the others. All for now,

Greg.

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I SIT, ON THIS BED, IN THE AFTERNOON... just after our lunch, and try to get onto paper some of the ideas which are in my head, right now. I'm reminded, this morning, of how, *'Writers have never had it so good, as they do in the twenty first century.'* In the sixteenth century, all the way through to the latter part of the twentieth century, publishing a book, was a very limited thing to do. *I think,*

that very few of the books which were published, during that time, ever had much readership. In fact, I think that the vast majority of the literary and artistic work which was done during that period, is slowly decaying away in the basement of the local library, and museum. I have heard this often: 'The lifeblood of history, it's main mete, and mettle, is stored away in the basements, and cellars, and attics, of such places.' What we can see in the gallery, at the museum doesn't really begin to represent the heart of the time. **But, then there**

arrived the internet, to our society. Now, even the humblest of written or artistic effort can find at least a few readers or viewers or listeners... as such will at least be represented in the daily recent uploads digest. So, anyone who wishes to publish... and be really red... can do so. This is that which I'm shown - a small digest of gradually advancing publications. Who ever is interested in these topics, can easily search and find my work. Which is so much more of an immediate exchange, than that with physical books, and

recordings. Unless you've got real money, and can make an enormous investment, in professional recording and engineering of your sound, or as in professional editors, and producers, and promoters marketing of your book for you, the odds are, you'll never sell many copies at all. I mean, maybe no more than one or two hundred copies. Most music and literature was not financially profitable for the author or writer... *they never earned a dime.* But, now, readers and listeners can be reached right where they are, for little expense, even with good free

content... *and there will be an exclusive audience for most any publication... anywhere in the world.* So, this to me is the face value of the world wide web... it's at least a way to realize the amateur, independent, and not for profit publishers' dreams, *with little cost.* So, this is what this essay is about... this being a somewhat of a pep rally for microtechnology... keeping esteem for the designers, makers, and builders of our devices, and appliances... *and celebrating the self produced, and published who have benefitted from these.* At any rate,

these are some thoughts to begin my new part six to the '*Impromptu Profundity*' audio book. I thought about it, and realized that the primary reason that I get down these thoughts, any thoughts, *will be because they will be running around in my head, like giant dinosaurs, on walking trails.* At wits end, I will finally just write them down, so as to build, hopefully, some usable equity. Because, I always wanted to be a writer, and to know this purpose, this sense of meaning... that comes along with partnering with the heavenly, ascended inhabitants,

above and within my mind. So, you can see the main reasons I write... firstly, the thoughts are there, and they're exciting and exhilarating... secondly, my desire has always been to write. **So, you'll see, a well aged and matured writer's path, will be what you'll eventually find, if you persevere.** At any rate, these are just some thoughts. The biggest blessing in my life, right now, is being given these good thoughts, which are useful in starting part six of this audio book. These ideas will, hopefully, be a nest egg, which I'll return to across

this whole time period, *and which will guide, and encourage my daily walking... as I move this book further along, to it's eventual completion.* Anyways, I've been thinking, on ways to mitigate the numbing blindnesses that run down the middle of my insides. *This is my 'weather vane,' distortion, and, for sure, it always lets me know that I'm in fact alive... I'm not a ghost.* I have to deal with the pain and blindness of life with this 'weather vane.' But, there's a good way to see past this pain. *Just see such as something of a mess of hair,*

which runs down the entire length of my esophagus. If you want to lessen your inner blindness, and darkness in your inner life, just see this 'mess' of hair as gradually pointing yourself, into consciousness with all of the sentience in and about your mind... proportional to how well you can see the strands just passing on through... breaking up, and dissolving... as in a clogged pipe, that finally clears.

Anyways, I am finding some good relief for my heart and soul... regardless of any problems associated with some of my artistic pieces.

Perhaps this visualization is a bit far fetched... but such might work for some. *At any rate, if a cat had a fur ball in his gullet, he would want it to come up... or pass behind, wouldn't he?* At any rate, these are some thoughts, this morning. After I get the necessary morning rites behind myself, I'll get back to my apartment, and get a bite to eat, and some writing done with my external blue tooth keyboard... that should get me along a ways. Well, we should have mostly sunshine today, at least, our radar animation doesn't show anything to

speak of. It will be good to stay indoors, and stay cool. You'll be glad, some writing sessions, to just move it along... never mind the eccentricity. Today is Friday, the third one in July, this year. I sit inputting these thoughts into this smart device's word processor, ***and considering the blessings of the time this is.*** I'm somewhat grateful for the immediate goodness, of this morning... *having this writing to work on, especially, means that someone... the odds... are on my side in this day.* At the very least, I'll have some equity to show for

the time. *So, counting my blessings is a good thing to do.* There are so many advantages we have going for us... clear weather, a good neighborhood, professional staff and management and administrative people that are well above par. *Everyone is 'with the game,' there are no problems to speak of.* At any rate, your writing may seem so mundane, but I've always felt that there's an unspoken commonplace vernacular, which is just about ordinary life... our everyday relationships and times. Well, I've just recently found some new music, and

so this is something to study, while I'm trying to get this writing further along. One doesn't always know a thing, until he or she hears or sees such, mixed in with the general, common fold. *An excellent text reeding, or artwork, or musical album is one thing, but getting to hear such played back, with the others in your library, is just the cat's meow.* **This is what it's all about, if you ask me.** The standout features, in a piece of music, or live performance, might be it's sense of movement... *or in it's talking, and vociferating, in general.* Still other

pieces, in your library, will have a much more tranquil and quiet mood about them. Less talkative. At certain junctures, in any list, of ten or more pieces, you'll somewhat tend to find recurring similitudes, from project to project. **'The more you know,'** about the designs, and archetypes which you find percolating, and often repeating, throughout our culture of arts, and literature, the more easily you'll be able to interpret modern musics, and literature... **and more accepting of your own.** So, there is definitely a 'well trodden path,' if you ask me...

this which encompasses and includes the same ideas, and themes, and designs as have always been, through time. *Knowledge is power, and we have the keys to understanding, in our lessons of history, and in our artistic and literary criticism.*

'Understanding of the recurring features found from project, to project, can be cachet, and keys into the full fledged appreciation of jazz.' For instance, is piece 'One' any different from piece 'Two,' and how do, say, 'Five,' 'Six,' and 'Seven' match up to rhythms and moods found

comparatively, or from other artists, or projects? You see, it might be this way, to be from here, and another, different, but similar way to be from over there. The patterns are there, if you familiarize yourself with enough music, and art, and literature, to be able to read the flows of a diverse range of self expression. So, these are just a few thoughts. I get them down, in this word processor, and get on my way. Well, our morning is getting along, now, so I'll get up, and get a drink of cold water, and return a bit later. After our lunch, now, and I'll

come up with a quick flourish to finish the end of this writing. *Our past week, for myself, had a lot of self conservation, and curating focus.* I managed to get together a comprehensive set of everything artistic, or musical, or literary which I've come up with, and been given over the recent twelve months. I've put together a lot more, in a year, than I would have ever thought possible, as a thirty year old. ***Keeping one year's retrospective in an archival place of its own, a nice cardboard storage container, with a hinge***

top, lets my mind and spirit better see what I'm working on and with, right now. A floating set of just this year's work brings order and meaning to the work, which I'm just always doing... not just this one year alone... but any given year. I'll now have this more comprehensive overview, into the future. **So, to me, this has been the worth of this time.** Well, these thoughts about conclude this first posting in the new part six, of this '*Impromptu Profundity*,' audio book. I'll finish them up, and send along your way now. Have a good weekend. All

for now, Greg.

~

Sitting down, this morning, to get a few thoughts into this word processor memory, I'm considering how, after a bad natural disaster, there will be some of us, who inevitably appear to get caught up in self blaming. *I will have seen enough of our ordinary, week, human ways to know, that these corporeal, mortal ways of seeing, often enter into, (consciously, or unconsciously,) an 'ecology of*

blaming.' In truth, no one knows what will come to be in the future... ***other than the continued existance of that which remains flexible, and adaptive, and that which is set in stone.*** But, there will always be the recurrent thought, which I like to express as, the saying, '***fate is no respecter of persons.***' 'The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away,' is another. *In fact, there's no really good reason to think that fate or circumstances will or won't affect any one person at all in particular.* Or, that we'll all just stay always ahead of that

world of sorrow, and self blaming, and won't feel the pain. *We, I think, use statistical analysis to give us an estimation, of what we're 'up against,' as twenty first century writers, and musicians.* As the general rule, we would want, I think, to tell the people in our lives that we love them, because - ***this is known by so few, - 'None of us are guaranteed tomorrow.'*** Would you be ready to go, if you had to? There will always be survivors, as well, *and we should be grateful, if we're among them...* and not let the troubles of our modern

times discourage us, or diminish our morale. *We're all among the survivors, thus far, if we're reading these words, presently, consciously.* I'm just getting down a few ideas... to see just what is in my mind, today. If I'm tending to vegetate, in a time such as this one, when concerns such as these seem to mount, *then I'll start a personal work path, such as this writing, or a musical project, which affords myself a somewhat better future, than the time, right now, might would show, of itself.* Because, as I said before, after awful natural

disasters, those poor souls who are in a 'culture, or ecology of sin,' such as tobacco and alcohol users and retailers, may be challenged, morally, *and hence will tend to somewhat consolidate blaming in themselves.* By writing, or playing and recording my instrument, *I'll then at least have something to show for the time.* It may help to remember the saying, about how, ***'Any given morning might indicate the performing of certain mundane tasks.'*** This, I think, should be seen as a normal part of a successful life walk, or avocation.

Such can be, for example, a '***grasping of the reins,***' which, if the Good Lord allows you to do so, *permits your higher mind to have say, and bearing in your future...* ***allowing for on ramps into understanding, and meaning, and growth.*** You'll remember this, as long as you've got a notebook and pen, or smart device and word processor in your possession. The Lord being willing, you'll be someone who always knows how to therapeutically 'work through,' issues in your life... such things as accidents and disasters, weather disasters,

earthquakes, volcanos, *and civil or criminal misdeeds.* Any paranoid or self delusional thinking, caused by the ambiguities around these events, can be handled by the **Good Spirits, on High,** *and you'll find yourself much farther along, than you would have been otherwise.* At any rate, we here have just had our lunch, and our noon medicines, across at our office, and gotten back to our apartments, to start looking, again, at taking this writing farther along, into this afternoon... *our afternoon.* Our weather is beautiful, and hot, with sunn expected to

continue, hereabouts, into the middle week, with some rain and thunder in the second half. I'm sitting here, on this low bed, and listening to an audio cee dee on my personal player, and inputting these thoughts, now. It's cool inside, and stays at around seventy two or three degrees... but I wear layers, against the chilly refrigeration. I've always had sensitive skin areas, and I rarely like indoor air conditioning... it bothers me, to the point of my wearing warm layers, which trap my body heat, against my skin. That's what I like,

more than anything else. Indoor air conditioning, experienced without a good warm coat, *is just not comfortable for me, at all.* So, I'll always try to have a coat, nearby. We're at the middle afternoon, now, and I've, after considerable efforts, and rewriting, gotten the first half of this article presentable... and so I continue onn into the finish. This will be the second article inn the sixth part of this '*Impromptu Profundity*,' audio book. This is the third Sunday in July this year, and I sit inputting these thoughts into this word processor on

my smart device, with this external blue tooth keyboard. This apartment is clean, with mopped linoleum floors, and wiped surfaces. My bed clothes, and other laundry are all clean, and our grasses around this building are neatly trimmed by a landscaping service. Our bills are all paid, my health is excellent. *That which stays flexible, and adaptive, through change... and that which is set in stone... both of these are seen to outlast change.* Such ideas as this were present prominently in my writing back when we went through

the first decade of our Christian Millennium... *and I recall them now and then.* A more contemporary concept, for myself, *is in how our glottis, our linguistic faculty, mouth and tongue, can be localized, and squared away, **by imagining gently sloping onn ramps, and off ramps, at that center.*** This is a calming, relaxing meditation, and I'm glad to include it in this essay. With this, some of the most common ailments, and disruptive thoughts, which come at me daily, *probably attributable to my carnivorous diet, such as the*

sense that my teeth are too sharp, or harmful in some way... ways I blame myself... are mitigated with this visualization of a gently sloping onn or off ramp, linguistically. I hope you see, how this is an improvement in my 'quality of life.' At any rate, these thoughts appear to be slowly wine ding down, now, so I'll think about wrapping them up, and adding them in with the others. Have a good new week. All for now, Greg.

Post script. I was shown a little saying last week, which red like, "Those

people who are already fervant, naturally, are called 'religious.' Those people who liv and fall, and come back from their fall with renewed fervancy, we call 'spiritualists.'" Isn't this interesting? I think such speaks to certain things we see, in daily life, so I pass it along to you, now. All for now, Greg.

~

I've written before, about, how, when art gets particularly deep, or delves into ambiguity, or grey areas, our

mortal wits may easily get overextended... *and us struggle to find the right meaning for the piece.* But, someone once told me, of how, our great God in His Heavens uses our deep art, and expressions which are of ambiguity, and greyness, *as tokens, and computational tools, where by He or She thinks, and assesses matters of an Intergalactic nature.* Our planet Earth, I have heard it said, is a greenhouse, an incubator, a think tank... a fragile ecosystem... *a jewell of creation...* **A nexus.** Some artwork asks of us, that we consider

alternative readings on our Universe's consensus reality. What is our life, on Earth, *if not a proving ground, a sandbox, a notebook.* Perhaps our mortal lives are chrisalice, and the real super existence is above and beyond this plane... *outside of our linear views of time and space...* and this specific view, this of the sixth dimension, is kept quiet, and the terms of planetary life stay more or less the same, over millennia... as a kind of stage play, which, when you know how to tap into such, sometimes turns up real wonders, ***but which always is a***

home, a proving ground, and haven, for Spirit. Perhaps, just beyond mortal perception, lies a land *populated with life, and with imperishable Star Light, and the musics of the Spheres.* The Earth might well be an ideal dancing ground, and a playing ground, where life from throughout the Universe moves about, as hyperspatial, higher dimensional presences. ***Christ, Mohummed, the Buddha, Jehova, Layo Zoo... these are some local celebrities...*** and maybe even more importantly, the method to the madness, in this

Universe, ***is I think, the binary means of communication... and binary technologies are an entrance into a New Age.*** Our most precious resource, is our water... and such binary local intelligentsia brokers, or negotiates, *using this equity... this water... a basic building block of life, as we know it... as our bargaining chip.* Hence, the name of our New Age, Aquarius, A K A, **the Water Bearer.** Our Planet Earth... with our digitally equipped humankind at the helm. At any rate, the time is just after ten, and I've showered, and gotten myself to

this writing couch. I'll hopefully get some very progressive thinking into this word processor memory, and thusly expand my Part Six of this 'Impromptu Profundity,' audio book, with this third written article in the set. We should be able to accomplish this goal. *I'm really enjoying this gradually sloping off ramp type of visualization, and getting myself along into this good future, and myself off into sleep.* Maybe by remembering, at last, the spatio spiritual powers which can come by imagining subtle topographic gradients... gradually

sloping up, or gradually sloping down, and variants thereof both, (*especially, at the zone of our teeth,*)... we can come into richer, more full communion with our own higher mind, and consciousness. Does anyone else see this? ***Isn't this a returning, in a way, to all which we are, and can be, at the heart of our consciousness?*** At any rate, this thinking has been very liberating for myself, just recently, and I'm grateful, and relieved to have gotten such into this computer's memory, ***and further produced this part.*** Well, it's early

Monday morning, the third one in July, this year. I'm up, before three, and have gotten some internet browsing done, and settled back in to work on this writing. When I can kind of watch, and keep track of, the subtle, nuanced gradeient changes, to the topographic ocean... we might can tell, if the ground is gently sloping up, or more steeply inclined... or if it's a gentle down slope. *Isn't this like the control panel instrument used to keep an aircraft's wings level with the horizon? ...So that our flight path stays straight, and doesn't bank to the*

right or left? Well, I've stayed straight this morning, and I haven't 'ditched' yet. I hope that my reader knows the sublime times which are to be found in the early morning hours... if you've got reading to do, then this is the ideal time... ***long before anyone else is up from bed.*** I've figured out the meaning of the unfolding of a few mysteries, this morning. A 'yoga stretch,' visualization is one thing, but, when 'coming into understanding,' consider the horizontal stabilizer. Well, this article appears to be winding down to its conclusion, now, so

I'll add it with the others, and send along your way, now. All for now, Greg.

~

We have another sunny, hot Monday. Our high temperature today is expected to be in the range of ninety two degrees faren height. I've taken care of the morning's responsibilities, cleaned and wiped down surfaces in our kitchen, which weren't much, gotten my medicines, and returned back to our apartment, where I quickly

swept the floors throughout the apartment, and emptied some trash bins... and then sat down on this bed, with my C D player, and headphones, and my writing gear... and scanned back across this mornings ongoings, *and counted my blessings, as usual.*

My country is a land where being 'different,' or unique is really a benefit. Light detection and ranging shows a way of, from an orbital perspective, telling the subtlest topographic elevation differences, from one square meter to the next. This technique is used to detect

sinking, or rising areas of land from cameras in Earth orbit. I've read a lot on the internet, about this precise elevation change detection, how it has found coastal areas, especially in Florida, *where the ground is incrementally sinking.* This problem sometimes causes buildings foundations to tilt, and in some cases, to cave in. This elevation measuring technique, LIDAR, as it is called, I have read, has detected bulges, and ground swells, happening all over North America, as well, as the sinking of some areas, especially along the

coastal lands. The coastal sinking, is said to be attributable to rising sea levels, flooding increasingly more sub lands with brine. ***The rises in surface elevation have been happening as well.*** North America isn't the only continent that has geologically active lands in places. These are all over the world, in particular, my mind thinks of the Ring of Fire, a bunch of seismic and volcanic sources which basically encompass the Pacific Ocean basin. I don't know if I'd be wrong to say that these are where most of the planets'

seismic and volcanic activity and events happens, because there are seismic and volcanic hot spots all over the planet. Indonesia, Malaysia, and the Philipines, Papua New Guinea, Japan... these are seismically, and volcanically active. ***In February of twenty twenty three, there was an awfully destructive, deadly earthquake in Turkey. More than sixty thousand people died.*** I've been noticing, in my mind, and daily meditations, while writing, that the land, or the surface is being noted. ***Especially, whether it's sloping***

upward, or downward. *The Highway Department calls this the gradient, of the climb, or of the descent.* The steepness of the gradient, means trucks will have to get a running start, and gear down, to climb such a hill. I just keep thinking about this gently sloping onn ramp, or off ramp... ***the gentler the gradient is, the easier is the walking, for instance.*** Hikers know this. It's not hard to hike ten or twelve miles in a day. **However, if some of the hiking is up steep mountainsides, the hiking gets more difficult.**

Steep descents are just as bad. At any rate, the most recent story I read about my part of the world, close to the Appalachian Mountains, is that parts of the Appalachian range has only recently been bulging... rising in elevation... ***by as much as twelve centimeters, in places.*** *The story I read suggested that the Native American legend of the mountains being a 'sleeping giant,' might be pertinent to consider.* Magma upwellings occur in fissures, where the magma can work it's way up toward the surface crust. Those of us in this

part of the world, have always been blessed with what's thought of as a geologically dormant region. However, the New Madrid fault system does move now and then. *I don't think, that we have had a bad earthquake in the East, in two hundred years or more.* But, this new information, about some of the Appalachian areas bulging upward, in elevation, measured by the Light Detection and Ranging from Earth orbit, is upsetting. ***Most of us have never seen magma in person. We would not care to.*** Additionally, the scientists in the story I read were

saying that there are numerous explanations for what could be causing the ground to rise in places. ***One of the explanations, is that this is attributable to plate tectonics.*** The Appalachian ranges are formed from something called a subduction zone, where the eastward migrating plates of North America's main lands, come into collision with some westward plate tectonics, probably a gradual migrating of the Atlantic plates westward. *At the point where these two directions of rock travel collide, the ground buckles, and*

has formed the Appalachian ranges.

Some of the plates get thrust down beneath the surface, while other rock plates get buckled upwardly, in elevation. *This movement of the elevation in this area, might be caused by normal plate tectonics... a collision of two plates, which is buckling, up, and raising the elevation significantly.*

At any rate, I sit writing these thoughts, as much to quell my mental illness symptoms as anything... my migraines are so bad just recently... 'You don't always have the strength to rise above,' to quote the song, and my

on ramp and off ramp visualization is having only limited effect on lessening these migraines. So, I've covered in this article the recent meditations, and the way I'm feeling today. *Only half way through the article, did I figure out, that the geological news, about rising elevations in places, is probably the underlying reason for the up slope, and down slope meditations.*

I'm just reluctant to say that the ground is unstable, just like I'm extremely hesitant to say 'The sky is falling.' *One doesn't want to be alarmist. I just think we've got time*

on our hands, and I'll sit down with my word processor, or note book and pen, and see what, if anything, arises linguistically. *At the very least, I'll have something to show for the time spent... this is my main reason for writing in stream of consciousness fashion.* Well, these ideas seem to be coming to their conclusion, now. I'll wrap them up, and add them in with the others now. All for now, Greg.

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I've awoken this morning, and gotten some reeding done, and had some breakfast, and have situated myself here on this bed, to write, or at least to get a few thoughts down... somewhat to orient myself unto the grain which the paper is made of... *this will put me in relation to this morning, in the best way I know how.* Writing, like this, will usually find a way onto my pages, if I'm receptive, and patient enough to wait on it. And then I'll be in the best position to make a trip over to the main office, after I get these medicines. It's good

to see this work come through, when I'm under pressure... *it means that my better half is onn her mark.* I remember so vividly what it's like to feel so alone, with no way to alleviate my pain, except by doping myself with chemicals. At any rate, I'll be glad to get on the road this morning. Another mostly sunny day is in store for us, today. Road trips aren't so bad, when the weather's good. At any rate, we'll each have our meeting, with our team, and get back to our apartments, hopefully in time for an afternoon snack. *A thermos of ice cube water is*

very good when you're hot and tired.

I'm just passing the time until then, by getting down these thoughts into this smart device's word processor, while we're at the Doctor's office, and take care of this. Today is the fourth Tuesday in July, this year... *this might be the hottest time of the summer, for us.* Our waiting line is dwindling, and then we'll get started back. (We're indoors.) Riding over here, the lunch hour traffic was busy. It should be less now; *if we can get away ahead of the five oh clock traffic, that will be good, and we can get onn home.* At any

rate, our air conditioning is also good, at home. But I've always just liked wearing layers, as I recently wrote of... this is nothing new for me... I remember how, back in high school, I would be so chilly all of the time, in the summer, due to my dissatisfaction with the air conditioning... only later learning that 'hurting skin,' and 'feeling cold,' are two symptoms of an deficient thyroid. There's a kind of meditation, I've seen recently, *that uses an incrementally focused appreciation of the ground surface, for instance, in my mind, as having slight*

*but perceptible subtle swells, and dips... and closely noticing the subtle variances in the elevation of the ground surface. **I guess, that any focusing meditation can somewhat help lessen the throbbing pain of migraines.*** Another really good one, from just recently, is in seeing ones hands and arms upstretching, past the sides of ones head, and in seeing this, also seeing them 'thread a needle,' (figuratively speaking,) which, you can imagine, might be the only passage way upward... *it might be very small, indeed, but imagine one's self putting*

hands and arms up through this narrow aperture... **when I can successfully do this exercise, my migraine will have passed behind, and I'll be free of pain.** Mental pain in my day to day living, can be quite acute. Such usually takes the form of migraines... I don't usually have any other pains. In the decade of my twenties, I was in almost constant pain... I would self medicate this pain in any way I knew how... every chance I got. So I almost never got really clean... **for approximately ten years.** Today I can put thoughts of

pain almost completely away... *but it's true, how any new creative, or artistic goal, or acquisition may require dues paying along the way.* These problems the world has are the types of things that make men self medicate, with alcohol, and street drugs... *and I'll see or hear of some every day that fall for that outcome.* At such a degree of spiritual consciousness, drinking alcohol is sometimes destructive, *and not a few have gotten into serious trouble.* There's no easy answer, other than recognizing this trouble, and getting oneself in a monastery, or

convent. *(Those that don't marry, or find a long term mate, will sometimes have trouble with loneliness, or else will be trying to find a home in a group, boarding, or foster home group, in the mental health care system. Or might be in and out of the hospital psych ward.)* Some, who have mobility issues, manage to get themselves into assisted living, and they might stay sober, there. **At any rate, you see, I've thought about my own troubles enough to know them by now.** At home, and it's after our dinner, and I sit and try and get some

thoughts into this word processor memory. I'm listening to a great hypnotic dub ambient C D on my optical victrola, and occasionally looking out across the room through my window up at the pines in front of the adjacent house, *and watching the mellow light, as the spinning of our Earth on its axis makes the sunn appear to go on around the planet to the west.* These good ideas are going into the last of my latest audio book chapter, part six... I was thinking, some, and am still thinking, of a poet, I can't remember her name, but one of

the things she said, was, '*Death is a perplexing thing, because, when one dies, it doesn't seem to be what you thought it was.*' '*Death is what happens, right before the wend stops blowing.*' These two observations, I thought, were complimentary in such a way, that my mind tended to, against the strict conventions as to how we should see, somewhat get a good glimpse, into a hoped for, longed for possibility. ***'What would you like to see being there?'*** At any rate, I'm just putting these thoughts down so that they will remain on some media

for longer than the thoughts might
would of themselves. I'll never really
forget this poet's words, *and how I
thought they revealed, something.* I
saw another posting earlier this
evening, which went like, '**Something
is everywhere!**' **It's the
environment, silly.** How would you
like to be outside of this plane of
existence, as in Edwin Abbot's story
about, '*Flatland*,' The squares, and
triangles, and circles had always seen
themselves as only a horizontal line, of
varying length. Mr. Abbot painted a
picture, in words, now, of how, one

particular shape left the ground, and floated up, into the air, and could suddenly see... we're more than just horizontal lines... each individual is a geometric form... the shape could see squares, and circles and triangles moving about down below, and so he (at last,) understood. He said, 'We're more than just horizontal lines of differing length... *I understand now, that each of us is a being with volume, and area.* Well, these have just been a few thoughts. Our sunset out through this bedroom window is at an suffuse luminous orange dusk, quickly

dropping off into the dark of night. I've seen trees, and the atmosphere as conscious, awake presences for so long, now. ***When everything is just right, and there's a good Quality between inside and outside, the mind makes a quantum leap to hyperspace, and all of the world is filled with this space, space fills it all as a shimmering, crystalline conscious being!*** Well, I'd better wrap these words up, and get along toward my last meeting, for the day... when I'll get my bedtime medicines, and return, and work on this writing

some more, until I can get to sleep for the night. Well, I hope you have a great 'downhill' stretch, after mid day tomorrow, and into a pleasant, pleasant weekend. Well, all for now, I'll send these words along your way now. Greg.

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TODAY IS THE FOURTH THURSDAY IN July, of this year. I've had some dinner, and have settled in to look within, and see what might be right to put onto this page, now. Starting a

new part seven, is like stopping to consider the Divine in the commonplace. *A play of light... a sumptuous curve... a beautiful composition.* When we stop to consider the elegance or beautiful serenity of our ordinary environs, we'll see a place, a space, among spaces... *our unique space.* So, you're one of the intellectual writers? You should be able to make your own habitat a place where you can feel at home... *not just a place to subsist, or to merely pay dues.* I would say, that, if I'm going to find truth and beauty, I should do this

in my own home environment... *not just in the natural world.* I was just impressed, recently, by how the imagined ground surface is a gently sloping incline, both afore me, and behind me... and to my sides. Especially, I can see how, by paying attention to the sense of a sort of 'cavernous interior,' with gently sloping floors, walls, and ceilings... this can help one to reconnect with a blissful ensoulment. (*This is the interior of one's mouth... an inner space.*) I can see, from this, how this is a complete improvement, from the

painstaking dues paying that I had gotten cornered into doing this afternoon. ***So, I'm glad to have rediscovered my peace.*** This writing will, hopefully, begin a start, on a new part seven, for this audio book. After I've considered the Divine, in the ordinary, I'll look into a few other ways that we're all indebted to the warm, friendly aethers, surrounding this planet, Earth. The plaine of the airs, in general, is the heart of that which keeps us alive... I mean, our breathing is kept alive, regular, and even, I think, by Higher powers, both within

ourselves, and outside of ourselves. *By looking up, we can stay grounded.* It sometimes is of importance, to learn of the nature of our talent... *becoming more unified, by at first breaking down.* Getting to know one's Guardian spirits personally, gives us the confidence in that source, like never before. *At any rate, a strong part seven will be rich in the human graces, and will be informed by the encompassing spirits.* As I sit here, this early Friday morning, I can imagine reaching my hands and arms up past the sides of my head, toward

the sunn. This type of sunn salute appears to bridge, and forgive the involuted mind brain juncture... *and reconnect myself with the strong upward flowing directionality, possessed by those within the plant family.* So, this, I think, is the best one can do, to ease the pressure, and strain, of life as a mature human being. So, these kinds of words might be highly useful to get on paper, as a beginning, middle, and end of a strong part seven, in the '*Impromptu Profundity*' audio book. I had forgotten just how wonderful it is to

awake early in the morning, with sleep
esters still in my eyes, and get some
sublime, transcendental writing done.
***If this isn't the nearest to peace
and tranquility you can get, then I
don't know quite what is.*** Anyways,
I sit and get these thoughts on paper,
as I have intended. ***I think, that I've
made all of the revisions to the
day's work, in order to bring it up
to par with the others, that
haven't been written yet.*** I can see,
through peering behind closed eyes,
that this might be the closest to
Heaven that I might ever get, in full

consciousness of one's own
existence... one's being. Oh yes... I do
believe that said it. When one is filled
in as to the incredible range and
diversity of talent, present in the
contemporary now, ***you'll then know,
truly what is real.*** *I've been
impressed, and so I've given back...
and now, I'm impressed again.* When
this cycle is invoked, this show and
tell, in the community, *we can see,
then, what is in our imaginations...
just what we can be.* I think that, to
be fully present, we will have
cultivated and nurtured this

reciprocity, in some depth. At any rate, I'm sitting up, here, in our kitchen, in the small hours, before morning's arising... *before the sunn has come into view.* Well, the time is almost to five A M, and I find this writing, and begin adding some concluding thoughts. *I feel as if I've met, in the spirit sense, some of my extended community, tonight.* **Lord, it's been mind boggling.** I'll want to improve my playing, from this exposure. *'You can't change the noodle, but you can change the sauce.'* *Hmmm.* There are some

intriguing pianists out there. It can be difficult to learn to 'start from the dissonance of nothingness.' One wants to hold onto familiar patterns, and modalities... *but the worlds of this dissonance beckon... as the vast unknown voids which our solar system is situated within.* You can really tell, when a sound comes from on high, I think, *because such will have broadened it's horizons to the very intergalactic matrices.* Have you looked back upon your own inner workings, enough to see the difference? Such as you, are, I think,

situated so firmly within this planet's atmosphere... so this is your area of expertise. Just some thoughts. *My inspired playing, stays somewhat clear of dissonance, of chaos. **My playing is like a cove of familiar echoes, which brings comfort, and quiet.*** Such isn't like an interstellar probe - more like a walk through a woodland glen, or an verdant mountain pasture. I cherish my own special style. What I lack in virtuosity, I make up in quiet simplicity. At any rate, these are a few thoughts. I'm grateful to have been given them. *I can well remember*

what it's like to have a sullen, mute spirit... I'm so glad for what I've been given. It means more to me than my life itself. Having a few readers is a great blessing, in itself. How can I forget about thoughts of the means to my lifetime of works, and just focus on the ways... on being willing to try? I think, that I'm a little bit depressed, lately, as I seem somewhat on the verge of tears. The heavy burdens usually lift, by the time of the afternoon. I'll feel much better then. Today's morning is Friday, the fourth one in July, this year. I've gotten my

morning medicines, and made some coffee, and settled in with this word processor keyboard on my lap. *It's been a long time, since I've cared much at all about my apartment's interior decor.* My existence has been more or less ascetic... *my life and time has been solely for my dues paying... the work I can do.* Only now, do I begin to appreciate what a blessing a nicely arranged, and appointed little space can be. I think, that the last time I cared much about interior decoration, was before my group home years ever began. ***I haven't cared***

much about ambience, or the way pictures are arranged on the walls, since before my first suicide attempt. *I've been robbed twice, and so I came to build and look for properties of the intellectual sort... if I can build equity, for more future life value, then that's my main concern. I've really grown to like the latest keyboard album, again. I guess that I'll always be recreating this sort of effect. I can tell, right now, that there's something just on my mind... I'll have to try for a more foolproof design. (I know that these are useless*

tears, trying to sabotage my career.)

At any rate, I really think that my heart, my everything, is in so many small businesses... *and many listeners, who also run a small office space. In so many ways, any solvent household, is like a small business... one's heart and soul is wrapped up in keeping the intactness of the ordinary day. Older people, seniors, only want to keep their freedoms, their liberties, and be left to manage their own affairs.*

My heart is with my seniors so much... just in how you have to watch your own health slowly decay... /

think it's a fantastic voyage... life is like an unbelievable odyssey. Well, this about sums up my mood this morning, and I also seem to be 'holding back tears.' I want to bring hope, and joy into lives, like some of the other pianists and keyboardists, and guitarists do. I can see how, you can come up with a magical effect in music, with art... incorporating keyboard sounds, organ solos... *but some of the rock and rollers won't be able to just 'let go,' into a 'parlour organ' sound. It's not 'cool enough.'* But to me, I can listen to it for the

performances, and the audiophile sound quality... the authenticity of the instrument effects. Here, too, it helps me to get into writing these thoughts, as this is bringing me a little affirmation, or confirmation, ***in a world, where it's so very difficult to show appreciation towards music and video artists... for fear of upsetting the perfect, undisturbed, sylvan scene.*** But, you can show appreciation, I guess, *if you're not the only one to like it.* At any rate, some of the ones I've lost in the recent few weeks, have been my

own Husband, or Wife, my own Daddy, or Mommy. *I can't tell you how hard it is when the one who pounds your drums 'gives up the ghost.'* So, I'm nursing some silent tears, some unspoken grief. *I'm telling myself, that I have my easy chair, but that's about all I have. Some coffee and Splenda. And I have some corn chips. They can't take that away from me. (Well, I guess that they could, if they incarcerated me... but I don't think I've done anything like that.)* Well, well. You know what I'm glad for more than anything? **My good ties with**

my family. My Dad and Mom, and my sisters. That's all we've really got in life, our family. I mean, a smart device can be very useful, if it's hooked up just right. But, it's just a piece of metal and plastic. *Such can't replace those who hold our hands in our living years... that's where our strength comes from.* (In case you didn't know.) Well, our skies this morning are high, hazy clouds. We're pretty much all sunshine for the next four or five days, except for a little thunder and wend possible each afternoon... thirty or fourty percent chance of showers.

It's hot, right now, but only getting up into the upper eighties. Well, I guess, that some of us who are in the mental health care system, some of the muses, *are just hard to follow, in general. Always staying in some trouble, is just too typical.* If it's not '*I had too much coffee or tea,*' then it's '*I slept through my medicine,*' or it's '*I'm guilty of a crime of some kind in fantasy.*' But, when it comes to my inn between hours, when I'm working or reeding, or just taking in some good music, *I remain entirely contented and happy for two, three hours solid, some*

stretches. And then I prove to myself that I can hustle, and push a piano album through. *(Even if it's not virtuosity, it's a place to 'hitch the wagon.')* Well, these thoughts appear to be coming to some logical conclusions, now. I'll wrap them up, and put in with the others, and send along your way. All for now, Greg.

~

Well, I got some writing done, four days ago, on the twenty sixth. Yes, I got half of an essay finished, and

somehow managed to delete it entirely. *It seemed as if my arch nemesis was working against me... almost as if the time period from the twenty sixth through to the twenty ninth was a mini apacalypse, **complete with a terrible tsunami on the twenty ninth.*** But, although I lost some writing, the tsunami was a false alarm... *which I think that the whole world is relieved, and glad about.* Well, anyway, that's how it goes sometimes... I seem to spend most of my time, as another writer has expressed it, **'running from**

something far worse than what I actually face.' When, in actuality, I managed to get a nice little artwork composite done, and even made a short video about it... but the writing I had done back on the twenty sixth... all gone. (*And the whole time I was dealing with acute case of resistance, as my better half was trying to avoid 'vain glories,' in general, at all costs.*) Today is a brilliant sunny Wednesday morning... the fifth one in July, this year... and I have some time, just after getting my morning medicines, to collect a few thoughts. Nothing

important, these are just the first notions which enter my mind, upon opening my word processor, and keyboard, this morning. I believe that, the 'unspoken ordinary,' in my life gets pretty profound sometimes... ***so, If I don't make some notes along the way, I'll wind up experiencing more than my share of trouble... with absolutely no record, or accounting being made of such expenditure.*** So, this is why I write. I would recommend such way to anyone... when your thoughts get to be gigantic, and it requires all of your

patience, and attention span, just to have them, **well, then, you should 'Write them down.'** I wonder how many books have been written in this manner? Some of us are beset with the sense, that we're in the grips of too much 'attachment to suffering,' *and that this attachment, affects the six cognitive sense faculties.* Such as this, is just one of the ways that I experience pain. *'Into each life, some rain,'* This is the excuse the pain uses, for physically exhausting us, and, for some of us, making us feel like we've got to resort to extra measures, just to

retain and keep our sanity. I guess, that keeping my sanity, is the only problem I experience daily... as I'm not in any pain, to speak of, *I seem to only suffer, as the real or imagined behavior of others in my group tries to take advantage of and exploit my conscious mind's inherent 'no boundaries,' predicament.* We're in agreement that there are at least two kinds of beings... one of which being hostile, and pesky, *such as weeds in a garden would be, for the gardener,* and therefore amounting to a complete waste of time in dealing with. *But, we*

*tell ourselves, that living inherently contains both good and bad experiences... I've myself found how, I don't know how to do an artistic expression, like an artwork, without there being both good and bad future tidings contained within it. **I have an artists' eye... I see beauty and possibility in the commonplace.***

But, back in the year nineteen ninety nine, I was diagnosed with ocular migraines. Whether this is something amounting to bargaining with nature... ***or brokering with my quality time, for the best all around possible***

future outcome... if you'll see such as a necessary part of living as a published artist writer in a vast contemporary world, *you'll adapt to such better.* Why would there be such pain, in the visual cognitive spatial mind sphere? *Probably, this, when it happens is an early warning, such as an adrenal agent, telling us to annotate the problem, or the symptom, and keep our eyes open onto the ever changing greater world.* As written before, the reason that hostile agents repeatedly cross the cellular boundary, or semi permeable

membrane, *would be, as in an adrenal chemical, when there is a hostile agent in the environment of the larger organism.* Through annotating such thoughts, we'll have record, of how, it was such a morning as this one, when I under went a psychic attack, at such and such a time... *thereby, theoretically being able to anticipate the malady, or encroachment, in the larger organisms environment.* Such might have been a poisonous snake! Or a venomous spider. You see, the way we necessarily have to use, in living with these 'no boundary' sorts of

minds. *At any rate, by taking the necessary action, such as moving quick, to avoid a predator, you can avoid being affected by the agressor. He or she will cease to be a problem...*

'When we've looked upon the larger organism, the ecology, or biome, the geologic region, or the atmospheric strata, **and solved to our satisfaction, what the various and many factors and developments in the greater organism that might have been in the first place.**' What really transpired? One may never know, until we can look into the recent

data, about our ever changing local or nonlocal natural universe. ***I like to think of man made problems, many of them, as having natural origins.*** Many man made problems, I think, amount to his or her '*diet disagreeing with him.*' Why, if we could only lessen our impacts upon the natural world, by reforming, and carefully watching our ranching, and farming industries... *If we could learn to grow our meat in factory laboratories, then, the biggest worrrys and issues facing mankind, as we are, I think would tend to dissolve... to*

*evaporate. Because most of my problems come from the nature being 'on my back,' or otherwise from my blaming myself, because I'm so involved in my carnivorous diet. Well, these are just some thoughts. I'm very averse, to a lot of trouble, which is way worse, than what I actually face. I think this is because, **my mind becomes, as it has now, a crucible, and a gauntlet, or a narrow strait of psychic phenomena... until I can get these 'giant,' ideas down on paper, and finalized.** Getting an article finished, is like setting another*

stone, into the wall, or foundation, of a home I'm building. If you know you're a builder, in the basic sense, and you're trying to '***chart the perilous path,***' in an non traditional way, as in a modernistic contemporary writer or musician, then you can expect to encounter resistance. But, when we can know, how the pain we feel, as intense as it may be, *can't really be any worse, than was the Saviors pain, as he carried His cross to Calvary, so many centuries ago...* this might be a message from a pastors workbench, so to speak... at least some good has

filtered into my mind this morning, *and I've gotten it down, quick enough to capture the 'gist,' of what it was saying.* Well, these ideas seem to be arriving upon their logical, natural conclusions, now, so I'll wrap them up and add in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

I approach the empty page, thinking how very blessed I am, to have a willing spirit, and a working smart device, to get these ideas down on

paper. The fates have smiled on me. Today is the morning of the last day in July, this year, and I'm sitting in our dining area waiting to get my medicine, *and I can use the time constructively, to start a third article for this seventh part of my 'Impromptu Profundity' audiobook.* I think that this is just what distinguishes me, and joins me with the others in my group... *This willingness to be applied to a greater purpose. All good things can flow from love of God, and respect for His purposes.* Having started some writing, will give my mind a central

focus for the '*in between*' times today. In the mindless idlewilds, *when real talents are ignored, and neglected, it's crucial to find some higher purpose...* This is what having a good writer's voice can be. At any rate, this morning we've got partly cloudy skies, the sun covered by low white haze, and occasional showers. We're expecting it to be like this, through the remainder of the week. At any rate, I'm looking back on recent work, artistically, and thinking of the nature of the effort required to put such work through to completion. *I guess, if*

*you'll think of your art bench as equating to, a job **that you can do well, if you try...** maybe the exertion won't seem so great. I think of it as being like, 'If the Ancient Ones can make anything good out of a disabled person's life, then that's going to be a good thing.'* Many of these strong minds are going unutilized. *This, when simple tools, appliances, and instruments can allow a life of purpose. I think, that a disabled person is doing good, if he can make real work to stick, and be effective, in the modern world... then this is an*

*ability, that many would envy. Our sunn is coming back out. However, our temperatures are somewhat lower than they have been being recently. This will allow for outdoor ongoings, such as yard work, sunn bathe ing, and picnics. We've just gotten back from our store trip, to get some essentials, and I've got more than two hours before I've got to go get my dinner... I'll spend at least some of the time working along on this writing. **At any rate, criticising others work is easy to do.** What takes work is developing world building technology...*

knowing, that there will always be some, who will criticise. *Following spirit's calling is one of the central challenges of mankind.* I

know, that such has given my life purpose, and meaning, *especially as I'm able to move out of older modalities, into my newer, more contemporary artistic directions.* I'm not the first to see how highly affective music has some things in common with '*street acrobats.*' At any rate, I sit and get these thoughts down onto this blank media. I'm listening to an avant garde stream of

consciousness pianist playing in this live, recorded concert. If anything, *such music is made to be played, and stretched, and twisted around in the world music context... as a contemporary sound.* I think that mine is, as well... (whether you feel like me or not, for whatever reasons, is your business.) Anyways. We had a storm alert for our area, this afternoon, but it looks like it's moving on through to the east. Well, we've already moved into the middle, or late summer... as we're in August, now... our heat is only a little less than last weeks was... the

upper eighties, rather than the upper nineties. At any rate, this morning is a sunny Friday, the first one in this calendar period. I'm situated on my writing couch, and words are flowing onto my page from my typists' hand eye mind loop, or circuit... *this feels like real existence.* But, my symptoms are usually worse in the morning, and this one is looking bad. *But, being able to get down thoughts as quickly as they occur to me, somewhat quells the 'overbearance of the masculine.'* This allows me to experience a normal writing session. Like I said, symptoms

are usually at their worst in the mornings... *and amount to a lot of this 'overbearance of the masculine.'*

This, and when my music is based so exhaustively in silence, and the openness which allows more extraneous sounds into my consciousness, than others. At any

rate, these are just a few ideas. At any rate. I believe that we can work through many kinds of mental trouble therapeutically... in writing... and by shining a light into some of those occult, hidden practices in the choir invisible, *we can effectively steal the*

heat back from some of the wickedness of empty space... thereby solving their problem, and your own as well. So, these are the basics of what I believe, about this. Oh, and there is more one might could say, about the inherent wickedness of empty space... this sort of thing, might be experienced as a semi transparent, silvery orb... acting like it's as real as you are... just off to the side of one's head... These things are just headaches, but only until the tangle clears, and the traffic resumes flow as normal. At any rate, this is the

challenge of living with a spatio
spiritual consciousness... a human
mind, which expands to fill any space
the person might happen to be
within... a room, a closet, a back
porch. At any rate, living with such a
wildly dreaming patch of airs about
one's self... is a perilous predicament,
if it's anything. When at first, I was
shown this spatio spiritual
consciousness, this deveachaic plaine
in general... I just knew it was trouble,
right from the start. Part of my life,
back then, (that was early in two
thousand and two,) died forever... my

wild sense of expansive personal liberty, and the mysteries of poetry, were laid open afore me, and I knew, that I would need some extra help, from then on. *So, it was such a pity, that a life so strong, became so afflicted in those years... that he turned a knife on him self... he barely survived.* A nasty scar is the enduring reminder. At any rate. Twenty three years later, and I'm still learning more of how we're so similar one to another... onn the inside, we all have moods, and episodes, even whole times... which for whatever reason,

backward as it may seem, sometimes get remembered as the 'opening of a mind...' *or the 'changing of a mind...'* or the '*wipe out of the century...* ' for going, all of the other actors and actresses in the stage play, the corrupt, the lawless, the drunken, the theeeve ing, the scheme ing, and those others... *those who only needed help, or assistance.* The internet easily allows the whole range of distinctions, societal uniquenesses, and the world of acquired and innate wisdoms, *all of the old pieces of junk which do indeed find a home through the wonders and*

*magic of a 'thrift store,' or
consignment shop, in general... all of
the happy customers... **to thrive, and
just be happy.*** At least, that's how it
looks like to me. See? Well, at any
rate, these thoughts seem to be
coming to their particular conclusions,
about in through here, so I'll wrap
them up, and add them in with the
others. Well, all for now, Have a
pleasant weekend. Greg.

~

Today is the first Sunday in August, this year. I'm sitting down, to hopefully add a few recent ideas into the new part seven, of my 'Impromptu Profundity' audio book. *Thoughts have roamed variously, recently.* It might be interesting to think a bit more, on how one's personal space is not just a sanctuary, but a shrine... *An inner temple to one's family.* This is somewhat component of the Animistic beliefs of the Ancients. I can see this type of thinking is somewhat the same as in the Shinto beliefs. I think that you can, and should put family things

into meaningful designs... one's family photographs, especially, can show our devotion to our family members... Even if no one else sees them... *with our careful observances, based around that which we hold dear, we can always exhibit our best wishes for our family.* There's no right or wrong way to decorate, only, how if something... a memento... is important to us, we'll arrange such reverently... *this can always demonstrate our 'best wishes,' by putting family portraits in prominent, central locations.* When things go properly, for us, we'll go

knowing we played our part... at least we'll have this going forth. I've sat down, on this low couch, with some C D R records, and my hand held optical victrola. Being made use of by the Spirit, shouldn't mean getting so lost between God's blessings, and the devil's curses, that we fail to use this ability to make an inner shrine to our family... if you'll take note of the careful ways you are made to perfect and refine your products, your crafts, you'll see... ***we shouldn't leave anything to the fates...*** we should always put our intentionality in the

fore, in how we revere our loved ones... *in our photographic archiving, especially.* It can be hard to grasp that our own love and good intentions might make a difference, as we sometimes doubt the power of Spirit. *But, when you've been shown to be, for instance, a hardy breed that can indeed navigate the maze between youth and full maturity... you'll be ready to believe in your own survival ability... in your families' tenacity.* This will be what we're building up, if anything... *A strong family team.* At any rate, these are a few thoughts,

this early afternoon. I get them down as quickly as I am able to. Well, we've gotten our lunch, and are waiting around in here to get our medicine. That will then free us up, for whatever we might have, until our evening meal. We only know, above all, to be patient. *I'll be glad to come through the experience.* Having gotten some strong visual art done last week, I've put myself somewhat ahead of my time. Any time you have something good to show for the time passed... This is preferable, in my opinion, to just nothing. At any rate, it's later,

now, at our evening medicine, and I'm putting a few thoughts onto my page, now. After some sleep, and I've awoken early... Today is the first Monday in August, this year. I sit thinking over this recent writing. I think it's interesting that I've reappraised these thoughts, *and am wondering just how that they can be brought up to standard, with the rest of this writing.* I'm not always very sure, where my thoughts are going. I guess, that, in general, I should have a stronger idea to build around, but at the moment, I'm just getting down a

few jazz-like riffs, as a musician would, *and staying receptive to the subtly changing directions of my spirit.* My mind is sometimes a bit amorphous, and I just want to look for any definite direction, or trend. It's not very clear what ideas would be best right now... as my mind seems to be somewhat spacier than usual. You might think that this present frame of mind is vacuous and empty... or that I'm just devoid of thought, or dumb. In actuality, however, *this type of conscious union, I think, is a highly advanced form of communion.* My

thoughts have somewhat been impressed with the uniqueness of the ideas within this article... *and I'm just watchful, and somewhat considering how that such can be integrated best into my recent book.* I think that it's something, how my ideas are prominently around thoughts of my family. Maybe you could understand this better, if you see, how we live with the spirits of our families' past... our afterlife, for those who've gone before, is a place within... and our imaginations are frequented by the vital spirits of our ancestors. As said

earlier, I think that this is a Shinto concept. Having or being shown pictures of one's grand parents *will definitely lend particular recognizable attributes, unto some of our closest, most personal thoughts.* It seems that our lives, our crafts, and hobbies, somewhat are kept up and maintained by the recent generations of our past... *as it were, a contextually proximal sort of locale within the vast continuum of time and space.* We can see all around, within this space of maybe one hundred, maybe one hundred and fifty years. Perhaps, we

should look for contextual meaning, from further back into the past? Our Great, Great, Great Grandparents, for instance... such as that would be around two hundred or more years to the past. Of course, to the unenlightened, these words will seem dull and lifeless... ***until one is allowed into the inner communion of spiritual presences, within our selves... we'll be in an isolated kind of exile.*** It's hard to imagine some kind of place such as that, ***but for some people, such is reality.*** For these people, there might be no

inner bliss, or joy, unless it comes through self medicating with anything they can inject. Our enlightened selves don't really need to alter, or change the way we feel, much, but the simple caffeinated drinks, which we enjoy, do, we feel, bring us closer to a state of forgetfulness. *Only, if we had to go completely without our sacraments, would we really appreciate just how meaningful they are to ourselves.* I'm grateful to have mine own, and wouldn't want to go without. If this line of thinking is just too humbling for ourselves, maybe we

should think about lessening our caffeine intake. We just don't want to be wholly reliant upon such a drug. At any rate, just some ideas. Well, I've somewhat pondered over this article... *whether I could bring it into the right shape that it needs to be in... and whether I could distill my spacey thoughts, enough to find it's inner meanings... to really get the gist of the time into such.* I believe that I've gotten this article nearly completed by now... I think, that it only needs refining, and perfecting, to bring it to completion. At any rate, I'll see what

ideas might wish to be included, towards the end of such, and bring it to a logical conclusion. *Our skies are overcast, and a cold air mass has moved in.* The temperature won't much get out of the seventies today, so a noticeable foretaste of Autumn, this morning. At any rate I'll wrap this writing up and send along your way now. All for now, Greg.

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IT CAN BE VERY HARD, SOMETIMES, to make a concerted new beginning. When one is in one's own self made comfort zone, it might be easy to just rest on one's laurels, and put the work off until a future time. *But you'll find, at least I have, that getting in to your place of business, and starting with the basics, of what needs doing, is the better part of the job.* I'll bet that, for many people, 'Getting in to work is three fifths of the job.' I can see, from sitting here, that much of what we take for granted, in our hobbies, and self pursuits, as well, is very much the

same as what you would do 'on a time card,' for your boss. This, to me, is something of a comfort... and might point to future growth, and development. *You don't always have to be at a special locale to work effectively. Such can be done from at home.* You'll be so proud, when you're able to roll start a new project, a whole new chapter in your book, on your own initiative. I think that it's really hard to start from scratch, with new beginning ideas, when you're trying to write a book... and you're your own boss. There's very little

encouragement, on hand, for the self employed. There will be somewhat compelling reasons to just sit and vegetate, for instance. But, I'm sure that just having initiated the beginning start on a new chapter is a pretty compelling reason to get your work out. Any ways, I've gotten this start going, and so, now, anytime I have a few minutes, I can open this writing software, and add into it. Getting this part eight started will be a concern off of my mind, at any rate. You should be able to see, how the work you can do, and add into your latest book

project today will somewhat be of later significance to yourself, as the years pass. *Reeding what your reeders reed will be among the three or four main pasttimes you'll enjoy down through the years.* You can see through others' eyes. At any rate, this is your palace, or castle in the figurative sense. You'll want to like living with yourself, living with your own work. At any rate, I sit this afternoon to get some ideas down into this writing. We've just had a bite to eat, and have gotten our mid day medicines, and I've returned to my apartment, and gotten

this work out. I've thought often, how the hallucinogens, and the entheogens did not enlighten me. *To me, the states they revealed, among my ordinary consciousness states, were something like a 'telegram from the future.'* I'll attempt to explain. I felt bad, as a teenager, and I was lacking in faith, and belief that I would ever feel better. The main thing that those experiences formed inkling in me of, in a round about way, *was that there was a better way to be... sobriety... and that I had to be done with those same drugs... in order to find it.* On this side

of my life, this sensation comes any time I listen to music. But I've no need for any entheogen. So, this is what I mean, by them being like a 'telegram from the future.' Today, I experience that zen like state of consciousness at most all times... especially as in conjunction with music. To me, these pleasant states, and sense of flying, are the direct results of my artistic success, and the simple passage of the years alone. They'll eventually come about in your experience naturally, anyway. The correlary to this zen like sense of

flying, in my life today, is it's opposite, which would be like psychosis. *My waking consciousness, most days, pivots, at best, between these two states.* **Especially, the drawback, or the catch, to the hallucinogens, and entheogens, if you use them, is that unless you experience such as part of a legally sanctioned clinical study, you can be arrested and imprisoned for possessing even a little bit of these substances, these hallucinogens and entheogens.** It is for this reason that I just don't think that that path is

of any real use, to modern peoples. I think you should by pass them entirely, and get right to the stream of consciousness art, music, and poetry. Because you'll only get yourself into serious trouble by dabbling in those powerful, controlled substances. At any rate, these are my thoughts about this. I hope you see the caution and distrust that we should regard people with, who pretend to have chemical or herbal means to enlightenment, or spiritual understanding. You'll only get yourself addicted to a substance, which you'll then use as a crutch, and

that's not being free. At any rate, just some thoughts. I'll get myself across to our office for my dinner plate, and then get back. This will free me up to work on this writing until eight thirty tonight. Then after, I'll have the whole night. I've been working, off and on, on this article, for the past eight or nine hours... and I'll probably work on it long into the night. *This admission is for the sake of those people who think that this work is just cookie cutter, or that this writing comes very easily to myself... it just doesn't.* I found it very difficult, this afternoon,

to speak in the right manner of
halucinogens, and entheogens... as I
have them in my past, but I don't wish
to condone them... except to say, that
their only benefit comes when you've
gotten them behind you... *because
they're just too risky to advocate.* I
found it hard to hammer this language
out, to speak of them, but only with
the right caution, and warning.
They're just hard to speak of, when
you have seen what can go wrong.
But, the reality will be, that some
people will have drugs, and alcohol
usage in their family background...

and, so they'll sometimes feel that they have to learn of such. Medicine is a part of twenty first century life, as it has been part of mankind across all ages. Some will wish to familiarise themselves, so as to be in the know. I myself, having such in my family background, tried to learn of what certain drugs were like. *But, only so as to get them behind me.* Caffeine usage is still a part of my daily life. Who can say? I think that I use caffeine, nowadays, as a reward for the work I do, for the common good. Work for the customer. But, I think that

the halucinogens and entheogens were only a help, in my 'enlightenment,' when I realized that I already had those good feelings, and sense of flying... **only the substances were definitely a run around, to get back to what I already had. See? Again, these substances were a run around, to get me back to what I already had.** I somewhat failed to grasp this simple truism, for a big part of my life. For some people, the altered states, of caffeine, are the reward for having worked through the arduous day. This includes me, as

well. Anyways, now that that's squared away in my mind, I can easier connect with this evening, in my writing. I wanted to somewhat elucidate what are my thoughts on this subject, partly so that I myself will have an up to the minute accounting of what my values are pertaining to this. What are my views about rewards? Some people use alcohol, on the weekend as the reward for their arduous work week. *But, isn't this an example of a self destructive habit?* It is if you think about the ways that such can damage your liver, and erode

your brain's gray matter. Whereas, caffeine has very few negative effects at all. I think I can see the benefits of choosing caffeine over alcohol. This is what the Alcoholics Anonymous people recommend. At any rate, these ideas seem to be coming to their logical conclusion, in through here, so I'll wrap them up, and send along your way, now. All for now, Greg.

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It's Friday morning, the second one in August, this year, and I sit in my usual

place, with my word processor keyboard open on my lap, to see if there are any good ideas in my mind, to write. I was trying to see what I think about life in general, in the present... I think, that life is like a competitive foot race, and some of us are more competitive, and others are less so. *I think, that it helps, a lot, for one to know it, if they're a little on the weak side... if they aren't as quick at the scholastic athletics.* This is the way to be, for myself, because, if you know full well that you'll need assistance, in life, in the game, you'll

then be able to 'ask for help.' *If you won't ask for help, and you're a little on the weak side, then I think that you're doomed.* Well, there are so many thoughts around this topic, which one could share. What if you're one of the types, who got thrown for a loop, right at the start, by the confusing information about the 'competitive race.' *Doesn't the one who makes the most noise win? And you're so quiet.* Things such as this have not amused me through the years. But, I yet have found ways that I can compete in more inwardly, and

intellectual ways... such as this writing, and my piano playing. I think I like it best, when I get to see some of the people like myself, the disabled, or weak (*non competitive, or else, 'neuro divergent,'*) peoples' artistry. And many of these people get quite good... and so my library, and jukebox is full of these inwardly led people. *Say, for instance, you follow an inner muse... your guardian angel walks and talks with you... well, then this, to me, is your strong sweet... so you might should focus on being the best writer, or content developer, you can be. You*

don't have to be the best in the world... you just want to find some way to participate... because, if you'll do this, you'll at least have this going for you, and you'll be a lot less likely to get distracted by the pesky inn fighting, that all of us are susceptible to. *This is what I would wish for anyone... that you find your own way to contribute to the modern world, something that only you can do.* We're all susceptible to fussing, and fighting... it's not just you, and it's not just me. *You'll have troubles, for sure, if you're not a strong, devout leader,*

who is beyond reproach. It might be the having of a strong leader, that can make the difference, for a winning team. *(Or it can be.)* It can also be important to be a strong team member. Maybe you don't like the lime light, so you've developed strategies to be able to contribute, and somehow to avoid the cruel criticism that follows a contested win. For instance, I'll use the Millennial time period. This was when I tried to write my first large book... the 'Stream of Consciousness,' book, and audio book. *Even though, the time was such an*

enormous set back, and loss... nationally, America got hurt... but, some of us managed to bring some good out of it all. The 'Book of Tav Kerr,' was something else that came, because the Spirit in heaven got on the ball... really got on the ball... when she saw that I had to take such a loss... my self injury attempt in two thousand and three scarred me for life. My guardian angel wasn't going to let me walk away without at least some victory. This is why I talk about, the value of having at least something to show for the time... because so often,

the time is one of such loss, and contention. **To have a clear victory, and get to keep it, is good.** The old Dominator never counted on so many folks finding so many good wins. So, that's what I'd say about that. At any rate... I think that it's true that, 'People don't change, they just reveal.' Getting this article written down, is an unexpected windfall... but, part of me knew it had to be... and so it was. *(How long, my eyes must have been crossed, while I waited to get this one specific work out.)* This is just unbelievable... but all good things

come from hard work (*For those that serve Heaven, and its ways.*) Maybe this will convince someone. At any rate, we've got a sunny, and mild, breezy day... with our highs expected to be in the middle eighties. This writing, presently, will hopefully be the beginning of the second article in my new part eight of this 'Impromptu Profundity,' audio book. *Anyway, people are generally happy when their side of the argument wins, and no one wants their own funding cut.* I know also, that our President is trying to stop the out of control spending. So, I

wouldn't want to argue with him. That pretty much sums up my political views, this year. I'm glad to have these thoughts coming along so well, and am now well into the second article in this new 'Part Eight.' The new audio book, I feel is some of the best writing I've gotten done in a while. It's very nice to have some contemporary thoughts on twenty first century life. **I also know that it's a blessing, and not to be boasted about.** After all, most of my writing is in a lighthearted kind of way just the unspoken ordinary... it's not usually

about anything too much. At any rate, our afternoon is about at a lovely dusk, and we've no signs of rain anywhere around here... for at least the next three days, into the middle of next week, which is when we're expecting at least one strong rain. I sometimes get feeling set upon, and cursed, and I ask myself, **'Why couldn't I have been given an easier way to walk. How can you lead, with a broken sound?'** Well, it wasn't the sound that was broken, so bad, it was the time. And that time was a long time ago. That was the

inevitable sound, for instance, of a hard fall, which the true consciousnesses of sound and time expressed, into space, to prepare myself for my own second serious self injury attempt that happened in two thousand and three. That was my time, right there. **Nationally, there was some embedded corruption.** There were some sick men and women, some with mental conditions, who, I suspect, were taking a steady diet of alcohol and pills... some of whom were also into guns and ammo. So, we've all seen, the products of broken homes...

broken families... we should be used to such by now. Apparently, they still keep coming. *At any rate. Globally, there was also, around the Millennial time, a lot of embedded corruption.* I don't think that there would have been any way, that I myself, with my history of self medicating, could have developed a 'winning game plan,' in nineteen ninety nine. I did have a job, and I worked, and went to the recovery groups, and I prayed the Serenity prayer... but nothing could have prepared me for living with world class music, of ideosyncratic nature, in the

public eye, when after serious adversity has struck the nation. I relapsed into alcohol and pill usage... and in the space of six months, nearly died, because I hurt myself so bad. ***So, I'm given a unique glimpse into how hard hermeticism treats some of it's wounded, who don't socialize, and who isolate.*** These people might be learning to write, and do highly refined art, but some of them won't be prepared for such a fall as I took. At any rate, I'm writing this article, to hopefully get my new 'part eight' a little further along, into my

new 'Impromptu Profundity' audio book. *I've tried to give my reader the esoteric lowdown, in this writing session.* Now you know my own deepest thoughts, on what I had to survive after the Millennium... on what was going against me. At any rate, you should know, that thirty years ago, I wouldn't have dreamed that in a plain old Saturday evening I could write such a meaningful article. Well, at any rate, you can see that these thoughts are trying to resolve themselves, and I'll wrap them up, and add them in with the others, now. All

for now, Greg.

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What is the challenge of the arts? Maybe, to free the wretched sinner from the prison of time, and somehow intercede or offer forgiveness, (or explanation) for his sinful nature, and show him or her paths of meaning and significance, ***so that even the one of 'ill reputation' can have a role as a 'productive member of society.'*** Social consciousness, in this

modern world, is what Spirit asks of us. Keeping an inquisitive nature, *and not coming across as a monster that wants to impose his or her will, is important.* I think that modern adults are faced with pressures, both from within and without. If your mind alternates between an aware, enlightened state, and imploded migraines, then you might be normal. *Things that the Scouts taught me... about being conscious and reverent in God's Natural world... these inform every facet of my writing and art.* My artistic output, and readership, has

expanded exponentially. But shouldn't this be when my natural world relationship is most needed to be strong? *Maybe I should let my reverent, respectful nature consciousness guide every aspect of my writing and art.* But, nature will take care of herself, in many many ways. As George Harrison wrote of, 'Life goes on within you and without you.' A very circumspect view of our world, including our human, mechanized world, I feel is needed. Human kindness I feel is present in nature, in some ways, but not in ways

she shows us much. But, all of the human technology, and advancements, and graces are distilled, and refined, and perfected in we modern peoples. Man and nature, when partnered successfully can work wonders. I do think that there has to be a successful partnership, man with nature, for any good thing to come to be. **An example might be how, 'A human meeting, or agreement, or event, like a ball game, will usually be dependent on the weather cooperating.'** We people act like we're the ones in charge, and

in many ways, we are. But when a terrible flood, or cyclone rips everything to shreds, what person is operating then? *A very very mean and mighty old man is hard to stop, or to escape from, for that matter.* Some people just let themselves get cornered, by bad fates. We, collectively, wised up, and got ourselves savvy, from out of the trauma of the millennial times, *and I feel we're stronger for it.* We learned to stay ahead of the curve, and our society is toughened, I believe, partly because of having come through

such... and living with that remembrance. I get such a great thrill from just listening to an optical cee dee, and hearing the audiophile beauty, and greatness... is enough for myself... this is so sufficient. I really have gotten my thrill very sufficiently. *I don't need to put my words above, or even to say my peace... I've already said it. But I'm developing content.* This audiophile listening experience is all the fullness of enjoyment a life could ask for, if you ask me. Many other peoples' cee dees give me great results... because there are even more

dynamics, and textures... even many others' exciting acrobatics... mine pale in comparison... theirs is purely thrilling. At any rate. *Our Spirits ask of us that we speak mindfully, and consciously, if we're writing.* If your sound is like a 'cavernous interior,' 'Just when will it come out of the 'stone age?' and ascend into it's enlightened graces?' *Keep on keeping on, because it appears to myself, that the 'Temple of the Immortals,' has already been attained.* So, just be good, with what you have got, *if you can't, then just be good at it.* Well, at

any rate. These ideas will, hopefully, fill out the third article for this eighth part of my '*Impromptu Profundity*' audiobook. So my goal, today is in getting this writing finished, and in adding it in with the others. At any rate. We can encourage young writers. *But can we encourage young people to socialize for their own mental health, when they're so deeply involved in the survival ordeals, of writing a book?* Telling yourself that your 'learning to write,' might be a masking technique, to hide your self isolating. Self medicating, will be so wrong in some

cases. *Suicide happens if someone gets isolated, or corrupted by alcohol. It did happen to me, that way, twice.* Well, I've been working on this one article, for about four hours, now. Keeping my morale, and my winning artistic vision above the water line has been my main concern. *(I can tell, that I'm going through a depressed time period right now, and having to find the focus to really stay on track.)* I think, that some of this recent year's setbacks were so profoundly stunning, that I've somewhat entered another time of inner blurryness. When my

inner spirit is holding back, from the really miraculous type of work, that can really win a difficult contest, *(where both discernment, and decisiveness are required,)* I think that this tells me, that she needs a little more focused vision out of myself. I think that I let myself get going on 'automatic pilot,' and these writing topics lately, *simply require my own full attentiveness, and concentration to see all the way through. 'Autopilot,' isn't going to work, I don't think.* I have a lot of brilliant visual design to my credit from just over the last eight

months, and much of the writing has been truly inspired. *But, I can tell, that God's telling me to try harder.*

'You can't sleepwalk your way to success.' I'm at the point in my career, where I've just got to try a little harder, and brainstorm on the particulars of just specifically how to keep my writing purposeful, and my artistry as well, *because if I'm lacking real purpose, then, why do it? I'll put my foot down, if one idea tries to take me too far out of my inner security. Because my solitary time is way too important to me. I can see my way*

thus far, *but artistic success tends to want to express itself into different life partnering relationships. My spirit in heaven needs the security of solitude... as I simply have no worldly desires, save to continue designing this work, this writing and artistic course... indefinitely... into the future.* I can tell that some problem or another is on my mind... (Unless I can hold on to my solitary ways, with my daily meetings, and continue writing devotedly to this purpose... then no good. You see?) All the more reason to not let my focus

waver, from the central concerns of, firstly, finishing this new 'Part eight.' *I know that I couldn't allow anything to come inn between me and this blissful solitude... this infinite creative sojourn, 'Out on the creative ocean alone... Just me and the Moon.'* My migraines are such that, right now, I can't do anything but keep my inner focus... ***never mind the great beauties that might appear to tempt.*** I definitely don't want to become a self fulfilling prophecy, or to repeat any scary patterns from the past. So, I'm offering in my defence, the notion that

the patterns of the past always echo around through time, especially for those who lived through those rough times... I scare myself, when I see echoances of the times before. But, then I remember, we don't really have any enemies of such a robust nature anymore... so I must be just spooking myself with fears of what some others speak of. I'm scared of my storm in my tea cup. But, we're not self destructive any more... because our walking is so closely on the Heavenly path, at least as closely as we can discern. And I can forgive myself

some coffee, and tea, if it's such that I need such for me. I just know better than to get away from this creative kind of place. At any rate, these are some thoughts, this second Monday in August this year. I'll allow them to come to their conclusion, and wrap them up, and add in with the others. This should give me a finished third article. Well, that about does it. All for now, Greg.

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My spirit is offering some new writing into the world, this morning. *If I can keep my quality standards up to par, and not step on anyone's flower garden, then my reeder might have a pleasant reeding experience.* But these standards are hard to keep up. Following a writer, who you have made your peace with, and who you like, can be a pretty good experience. I've followed numerous bloggers, and newspaper columnists when I was younger. So, I guess I'm happy to have something to give. I have my personal cee dee player sitting beside

me on this couch, and I'm listening to an optical disc with headphones. There's no question about it... this is exactly the way this artist intended his music to be heard... in audiophile clarity. I think he or she wanted their playing to be heard as a digest, that can be started at any point along the way, and get such good results from. Anyways, I'm counting my blessings. The society that enjoys morning tea, in quiet sociable settings, 'I'll meet you for tea at ten,' such things as that... I'm not really doing that. I'm spending solitary time writing, and listening to

music. But, the interesting thing, is that the inner spirit has lazy, languid sorts of dreams, where the person imagines vividly that he's at a tea brunch, with some people he likes a lot, and it's just a sociable affair. But, from experience, you just should let these types of dreams go... as they tend to get so exacting, and demanding, on the person having the day dream... such idylwilder are just meant to try his or her patience... maybe not quite as bad as water torture... but one is enticed to dream in fanciful fashion, only to be harshly

criticized for a miniscule manners issue. Lewis Carrol would be impressed, at how any ordinary writing session has dreams running in the background, which are like kangaroo court proceedings, and farsical shennanagans. *So, ordinary living has things in common with fanciful paranoid type dreams, where the animals have a court session, and try the human for treason, or something like that.* Some paranoid dreams are like this... and quite honestly, this is what any writing session is like. So, if you don't think that the stories are

true, or if you haven't grasped the importance of seeing possibility in the human predicament, with minds and spirits which seem to be interconnected with every other being on the planet... *with space people prodding and cajoling the living like jail keepers in a dungeon... then you might not have seen into the heart of what spirit presences can be, and can signify for yourself.* When I was twenty two or three, I somewhat was on the cusp of spirit indoctrination... and didn't know it. My behavior was erratic and scandalous. I think that I

'rattled the cage,' quite loudly, and so the jail keepers turned on the light. *That was precisely the result that I wanted.* Only then, was I allowed 'in the know' as to the invisible ongoing about we people. *So if your young man or woman is trying your patience, by always acting up, and getting into trouble, getting into predicaments, then he might would like to find out?* Isn't this inner plaine, or the fabric of existance, the final authority over how we conduct our lives? Wouldn't you like to know more? *But, who knows anything about this highly mysterious*

topic. In fact many people group such phenomena in with 'subconscious phenomena,' such as Freudian slips, and hallucinations, and illusions of the mind. *Psychology I think comes closer to understanding the unconscious realms, the subconscious plane, than anything else.* If you pick up an introductory book, such as '*Psychology One on One*,' you'll find such an extremely comprehensive, systematically ordered, and structured field of study... *that you won't go back to superstition, or superstitious ways, ever again.* But, you'll never learn of

this good science, if you don't open a book, and apply your mind to learning something new. There's a name, and a category for every type of behavior, and method, and technique, of approaching human behavior. Just by watching someone's actions, and hearing the ways they talk, you can quickly make observations, internally, about the forces which drive the person... *psychology is like the definitive operator's manual, for your own brain.* If you don't approach this study with intention of understanding your own self, and others better, *then*

*you may never learn to see in this scientific, clinical way. If you can do this, I believe that you'll be in on the central means for understanding ourselves and others on this planet. That's what I think about it. At any rate, when you've already seen how ordinary proceedings, in an arduous day, sometimes have a labrynth of confusion, and capers and shennanagains to see past, just to connect with what is actually transpiring... **You'll see how, through reading and learning, we can come to spot trends, and***

really see so much further than the ancients ever did. But, you'll have to read some books. At any rate, these are just some thoughts. I'm gradually adding into, and building onto the fourth article, in this eighth chapter to my '*Impromptu Profundity*,' audio book. I recently had some fun sitting down with my Yamaha synthesis presets keyboard, and just playing some sounds, just for the sonic pleasure, of hearing the different sounds in my play back, *and enjoying the latest moods.* My keyboard has six hundred unique sounds or more, so it's

not hard to get lost in the enjoyment of just pure synthesis. *Seeing the various feelings that come up in running through the voices bank, I'll now have these recordings to keep into the future.* I like hearing myself played back. *(Because I get to hear and see what others have seen... through others' ears, and eyes.)* At any rate. The time is just after our lunch, now, and I've gotten my noon medicines, and gotten back to my apartment. I think that its really amazing, how someone's pride and joy... someone's baby... a solo Gospel

record, recorded nearly fifty years ago,
was just everything at the time, only
slipping into oblivion... lost to time...
as the myriad distant stars of Heaven.
But, then, per chance, someone makes
a vinyl transfer, into digital emm pea
three files, and someone like me gets
to come into possession of such...
downloading to my device, and getting
to hear... this is so wonderful. It has
brought me some joy. Hopefully,
others will enjoy also. Well, I'll wrap
these ideas up, and finish them, to add
in with the others, now. Have a good
new middle week, and along into the

weekend. All for now, Greg.

